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The Countess Cowper

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TRANSLATION

FROM THE

ITALIAN OF FORTEGUERRI

OF THE

FIRST CANTO

OF

RICCIARDETTO;

WITH

An Introduction

CONCERNING

THE PRINCIPAL ROMANTIC, BURLESQUE, AND MOCK-HEROIC POETS.

(*NOT PUBLISHED.*)

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INTRODUCTION.

My purpose in attempting the translation of the first Canto of Monsignor Forteguerri's Ricciardetto subjoined to this prefatory discourse, was to try if I could convey to English readers any thing like an adequate idea of the style and character of that amusing Poem. But the most competent judges of my success in this attempt, must be persons, conversant not only with our own literature, but with that of Italy, and particularly with the poets among the Italians who are generally ranked in the same class with Forteguerri.

Definitions have been long said to be dangerous in Law*; they are also, though not so proverbially, dangerous in Science, and it may be added, that, if not dangerous, they are in many

* "Definitiones in jure sunt periculosæ."
Law Maxim.

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respects inconvenient in matters of Literature. Perhaps, in that case, as in the others, their best and safest use is to assist arrangement, and serve as a sort of index to the different ideas which are treasured up in the memory, and become objects of our contemplation. As in the natural world it is found very difficult to fix the exact lines of demarcation even between the three great kingdoms of Animal, Vegetable, and Fossil, or Mineral, and still more so, to draw the evanescent strokes which divide the different orders, classes, genera, and species in those several kingdoms, whatever system of nomenclature may have been adopted, so it has happened in things intellectual; for example, in laying down accurate limits even between prose and poetry, but yet more in classifying in a satisfactory manner by subdivisions, the different sorts of composition which are to be considered as belonging to the one or the other of those several provinces of literature.

For general purposes the common division of Poetry into Epic, Dramatic, Didactic, Lyric, and Satiric, is sufficiently clear, and there are certain works which all the world will agree in placing

immediately under one or other of those heads. But when the Critics descend to fix the place of many poems which are of a mixed unsystematised description, they find themselves engaged in controversy, and embarrassed to decide whether this or that poem belongs to the one or the other of those classes, or is so much *sui generis* that it cannot with propriety be marshalled with any of them. It has never been questioned, I believe, that the Iliad and Tasso's Jerusalem belong to the head of Epopeia, but it has been maintained that the Paradise Lost has no right to be placed in that, which is usually considered as the highest station in poetry. Addison, in his well known analysis and commentary on that great boast of our country, proposes to settle the matter by placing it still higher, and calling it a Divine Poem. On the other hand, some ingenious lovers of singularity have assigned a place among Epic poems to the ballad of Chevy Chase. These, indeed, may be deemed too much of extreme cases to be adduced as proofs of the unsatisfactory nature of definitions. It is only in those instances where a particular poem seems to stand, as it

were, on the verge between two of the established divisions, that, as in the case of the contiguous borders of the primary colours in the rainbow, it is difficult, or impossible to say to which of the conterminous classes it belongs.

If the term *Narrative,* which has been lately introduced into the critical nomenclature, should be adopted instead of Epic, (which would then fall to be the appropriate name of a subdivision of the narrative) under that more comprehensive head, Ricciardetto would be, as indeed it has been, properly placed. It certainly is not Dramatic, Didactic, Lyric, nor Satiric; its general tenor is narration, either by the Poet himself, or by his fictitious representative, the Muse: yet that species of the narrative admits of a greater or less proportion of the more peculiarly characteristic qualities of some other sorts. Where Dialogue is intermixed, it becomes in part Dramatic; a vein of disguised Satire may pervade it throughout; and who shall deny, that in such a narrative poem as our Author's, might be introduced, without the necessity of changing its denomination, Lyric digressions like those which form such

happy ornaments to the exquisite compositions of Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott.

Not to pursue such subtilties any farther, I think it sufficient to add here, that Ricciardetto is generally classed by the Italian Critics with the Morgante of Pulci, with the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo, with that poem as new cast by Berni, and with the Malmantile Racquistato of Lippi. These are often called Romantic and Chivalresque, being either founded on the chivalrous fictions so current and fashionable for centuries in all our western part of Europe, or imitating the nature and style of the wild and extravagant personages and adventures of those Romances. In this last predicament stands the Malmantile, and it partakes in many other respects of the particular qualities of the other three. The Girone il Cortese of Alamanni is also Romantic, but founded on the fabulous history of the Round Table of King Arthur. The Amadigi of Bernardo Tasso is a Romantic poem, deriving, like the Morgante, and the Orlandos of Berni and Boiardo, its personages from the fabulous histories concerning Charlemagne and his Paladins. But those two

works have so few of the other characteristic features of that class, and which are much more essential to it than the mere substratum of fabulous narrative, that they cannot be held to belong to the same subdivision of poetry.

A strain of comic humour, under the mask of ironical gravity, or chivalrous solemnity*; the frequent parodying of the very words, but more frequently of the elevation or pomp of Epic diction; an almost constant mockery, *quizzing*, *persiflage*, or *mystification*†, sometimes of his personages, sometimes of his readers, sometimes of his supposed audience; not seldom poignant satirical allusions to public or private vices and follies; together with an intermixture of the more lofty or pathetic, or descriptive kinds of poetry: these are

* "Cervantes' serious air."—*Pope*. If Don Quixote had been in verse it would have been called a chivalrous burlesque or mock-heroic poem; but being without poetical feet, which forms, though not the most essential, yet a necessary component part or ingredient in our common idea of poetry, it is no more in strictness and wholly a poem, than Cervantes, if he had been born without his natural feet, would have been wholly a man.

† Vide, infra, Note to Stanza 7.

all features distinctly marked in Forteguerri's work, and most of them also are in a greater or less degree to be found in the Morgante, the two Orlandos of Boiardo and Berni, and in the Malmantile.

All the works I have mentioned are in what may be called the heroic stanza of the Italians, that stanza having long been, almost exclusively of other measures, employed by them in the higher sorts of poetry, in consequence of the transcendent fame of the Orlando Furioso which is written in it, and of the immortal work of Torquato Tasso, who, when his judgment and taste were at their full maturity, also preferred it to the Versi Sciolti, or blank verse of Trissino, as his father had previously done in his Amadigi, on perceiving, as we are informed by Bernardo's Biographer, the then recent ill success of Trissino's Poem (the Italia Liberata) in that measure; though in whatever measure that poem had been written, there can be little doubt that it must have been equally unsuccessful.

It is from the prevalence more or less of humourous, good natured mockery in the works of

the class of Poets to which our Author belongs, that they are commonly distinguished by the name of *burlesque,* derived immediately from the Italian word *burla,* whose proper meaning is *joke,* or *mockery*. Yet with regard to the Morgante there long subsisted a learned controversy among the Italian Critics whether it was not to be considered as of the class of the true Epic. At first sight a modern reader must be surprised to find the great Torquato himself, in one of his numerous critical works referred to by Crescimbeni, reckoning Pulci in the number of renowned Epic Poets. But Tasso, who is proved by his own immortal work, to have had the justest idea of what constitutes the real Epic, undoubtedly meant, in the passage to which Crescimbeni refers, to use the word in a much more extensive sense than that to which it is now generally confined, namely, in the sense above expressed by "Narrative," founding himself on the interpretation which the original Greek word Ἔπος will admit of.

Many of my readers must be aware of the little esteem in which the Morgante has in general been held out of Italy. Voltaire particularly has not

been sparing of his ridicule of it; and the late ingenious author of a work "Sur la Litterature du Midi," who, as he writes in the French language, may on such subjects be considered as ultramontane, after describing it, as "by turns low and burlesque, amusing and devout;" observes particularly, "that all the Cantos begin by religious invocations, and that religion is continually mixed in it with every adventure, in a manner the most strange and unedifying, so as to render it very difficult to reconcile that monkish sort of medley with the half Pagan character of the society of Lorenzo of Medicis, and to judge whether one ought to impute to Pulci the extremest bigotry, or a mere profane derision of what ought to be held most sacred."

With all its defects, the Morgante continues to retain its popularity in Italy. It is still frequently reprinted in the different cities in that country; and I am possessed of a small edition, very lately published at Cagliari in Sardinia, though Italian is there the language only of the higher ranks, and of persons connected with the government. But it is in Tuscany (the soil

in which it grew) that it is in the highest repute, because there Pulci's pleasantry is naturally best understood*.

What is considered as humour and wit, in any country or district, seems to be connected in no small degree with the peculiarities of the vernacular phraseology of that particular country, and with the local manners and modes of thinking and acting of its inhabitants. Hence it is common enough with different nations, to claim wit, and humour, (two things very distinct in many respects, but still in others so analogous and often so intimately combined, that they are commonly both mentioned at one and the same time), as exclusively or peculiarly their own. The French are seldom willing to share with any other nation the talent of wit, or the happy facility of "*bons-mots*," an expression I have been forced to adopt in order to limit the sense of their very vague

* From such differences of opinion between Pulci's countrymen and foreigners one might be tempted to say, that to have a proper taste for the beauties of his work his readers ought to have been born and bred on the banks of the Arno, as it was said that no one could be expected to relish the black broth of Sparta but such as had bathed in the Eurotas.

and general word "*Esprit.*" The English again are often disposed to consider humour, as confined to the southern divisions of this island; and I have conversed with many English readers, who, though they admire the extraordinary talents displayed in the late copious harvest of novels which Scotland has produced, have little relish for the humour of those parts of them that are written in the Scottish dialect, though that dialect is merely a mode of the self-same language which is and always has been, the mother tongue of the low country Scotch, as much as of their southern neighbours, and differs much less from pure and classical English than the dialects of Venice, Lombardy, Naples, &c. differ from the pure Italian.

Pulci, though a man of good family in Florence, probably owed his familiar access to the table of Lorenzo, to his poetical vein, in many respects congenial to Lorenzo's own. There it has been conjectured that various stanzas of the Morgante were composed impromptu, and this will account for the flatness and triviality of many of the lines, and even of whole stanzas, resembling such as are often to be observed in the extem-

porary effusions of the most eminent of the Italian "*Improvisatori.*"

On the whole, however, there must surely be some extraordinary beauties in the style of Morgante, otherwise the great Torquato would scarcely have believed, as it appears he did, that Marsilio Ficino, a man so conversant with the purest eloquence of ancient Greece, was in part the real author. Nay there are others who have even gone so far as to suggest the probability that the whole was in truth the work of Politian, who had given it to be recited by Pulci, on account of a singular talent he had in that way;—that very Politian, whose famous stanzas on the tournament of Julian of Medicis are considered as the forerunners and models of the beautiful style in Ottava Rima, which was carried to such perfection in the succeeding century, by Ariosto and Tasso.

If the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo had no other intrinsic merit, it would be an interesting work, from its having led Ariosto's choice to the same subject; the far-famed Orlando Furioso being, as to its characters and incidents, a direct

continuation of Boiardo's. But Boiardo's work is entitled to the positive praise justly bestowed on it by Sismondi, of having carried the burlesque poetical narrative, by the invention of a great variety of amusing adventures, much beyond his contemporary Pulci. "Il lui est bien superieur," adds that author, "par la richesse du coloris, et l'interêt même qui naît de la bravoure;" and, continues he, "les femmes y paraissent ce qu'elles doivent être dans la chevalerie, l'âme de tout le roman. Angélique surtout s'y montre déjà avec tous ses charmes et toute sa puissance sur les plus braves chevaliers."

Boiardo was a man of illustrious descent, and in his own right the feudal sovereign of Scandiano, and also governor of Reggio, under Hercules, first Duke of Ferrara. His style is reckoned unpolished, and partakes I believe of the inelegance which few writers in Lombardy were at that time able to avoid; there being then no Vocabolario Della Crusca to appeal to; and not having lived to finish his poem, he probably had not given it that ultimate polish which he might otherwise have

done. But though it must perhaps be admitted that his verses are often harsh and uncouth, I cannot help thinking there is sometimes a sort of simple *naïveté* in them, which neither Ariosto, his continuator, nor his professed reformer, Berni, have been able to surpass. It has, however, proved disadvantageous to the fame of Boiardo, that in general he has been so much improved by Berni in point of taste and elegance, though Berni has followed him very closely for the most part in the narrative parts.

The great Ariosto is too often classed with the burlesque poets, who became so numerous after those patriarchs of that style of whom I have already treated, that a mere catalogue of them would fill several pages. But Ariosto's genius soared so high above their level—

> Cœtusque vulgares et udam
> Spernit humum fugiente penna—

that it seems a sort of derogation from his great name to rank him among them. It is true there is much burlesque in his poem; but it is so rich

in all the beauties of the higher poetry, that he ought to be contemplated alone in that vast intermediate space which he occupies between the mere burlesque writers and the great masters of the true Epic.*

This is not the place to discuss the question of the comparative merits of Tasso and Ariosto. That "*vexata questio*" has now been litigated by the critics of Italy for above two centuries, with as much eagerness as may have been observed sometimes in this country among the disputants concerning Dryden and Pope. As there has not yet been discovered any satisfactory standard of taste by which all the general lovers of poetry would be willing to weigh or measure their own sentiments or opinions, I am afraid the only safe refuge out of such controversies is to shelter one's

* Alas! I am afraid there are still readers, not only in our own country but in Italy itself, who consider Ariosto in no other light than that of a sort of poetical buffoon, who has strung together in pleasing rhymes a great number of merry and diverting, though absurd and extravagant, stories; persons who would be ready to concur in the well known apostrophe addressed to the poet, by his illiberal, ungenerous, and tasteless patron, the Cardinal D'Este.

self under the trite but sensible maxim "that there is no disputing of tastes" (qu'il ne faut pas disputer des goûts.) As far as the principles of regular composition commonly acknowledged can influence the decision, this subject has been no where treated with so much impartiality as by Metastasio, in his Letter to Diodati, printed in the collection of his epistolary correspondence; in my opinion one of the most elegant and candid morsels of criticism that is any where to be met with. Many will ever continue to think, from the infinite diversity of forms and colours which Ariosto's muse can assume, and the sweet variety of his numbers, * that his genius was superior to that of Tasso. But who can tell how much Tasso's fancy was restrained by the plan of composition which his judgment had taught him to adopt, in order to produce the greatest effect; and, as a work, how is it possible to put the wild and desultory tissue of adventures and knight-errantry, of which the Orlando Furioso is com-

* Those unapproachable ("*inarrivabili*") beauties of the Furioso, as Serassi, though the biographer and panegyrist of Tasso, expresses himself.

posed, on a level with the majestic design and execution, consistent beginning, middle, and end, unequalled discrimination and shadowing of characters constantly sustained, and from time to time adorned with the happy adoption and frequent improvement of the most striking beauties of the genius of former times, which have been thought to entitle the Gerusalemme Liberata to be considered as the most finished poem that exists in any language *.

* One of the earliest, and, I believe, scarcest editions of the Gerusalemme, printed at Lyons in 1581, appresso Alessandro Marsilij, in 16mo. published by Angelo Ingegneri, and dedicated by him to Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; a copy whereof I possess, and which now lies before me, contains at the beginning of the dedication so affecting a picture of the miserable state in which the unfortunate Torquato, after his escape from Urbino, arrived at the gates of Turin, that I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting it here.

"Serenissimo Signore, due anni, e mezzo fà, quand' il povero Signor Torquato Tasso, portato dalla sua strana maninconia, si condusse sin alle porte di Torino, onde, per non haver fede di sanità, venne ributtato; fui quegl'io, che ritornando dalla Messa udita à Padri Capuccini, lui incontrato introdussi nella città: fatte prima capaci le guardie delle nobili

Lippi, the author of il Malmantile Racquistato, a painter by profession, was born in 1606, more than half a century after the death of Ariosto, Boiardo, Berni, and Tasso. But though the Gerusalemme, in spite of the sort of persecution

qualità sue; lequali (come ch'ei fusse male all'ordine, e pedone) non però affatto si nascondevano sotto à si bassa fortuna."

I have had my copy of that edition ever since the year 1769, long before Serassi's Life of Tasso appeared, and I had never then heard or read of the fact disclosed by that remarkable dedication, except in that original copy. The melancholy anecdote has been since incorporated into the body of Serassi's work, and the words of Ingegneri quoted verbatim in one of his notes. But methinks the reading them in the very form and manner in which they may have first met the eyes of many of the contemporaries of Tasso, makes a different and deeper impression than when so transcribed. Whenever I have had occasion to turn to them, I have felt it scarcely possible to abstain from tears—

" E' sè non piangi di che pianger suoli."

The first entire edition of the Gerusalemme was printed at Venice, 1580, in 4to. There were no less than seven editions in 1581, five of them in 4to., one in 12mo., and the one I have mentioned in 16mo.; and of that in 12mo. there were no less than 1300 copies taken off.

which that poem as well as its author were so long destined to endure, had then reached the height of its fame and glory, the taste for the chivalrous burlesque still maintained a sort of divided empire at Florence. As the distinguishing characteristic of the Orlando Innamorato of Berni was the graceful facetiousness which he had given to the ruder inventions of the Lombard Boiardo: so Lippi's great merit with the Florentines was to have interwoven many of the most striking proverbs and quaint expressions, which abound in the mouths of the plebeian inhabitants of that part of Tuscany, with a sort of pseudo-chivalresque story, and applied them, in a humourous manner, with now and then happy stanzas of a more serious cast, and the whole expressed (the mere proverbs and undisguised vulgarisms excepted,) in what has been considered as the purest and most classical Italian. The Malmantile has been described by a modern Italian critic as " Poema tutto sparso di proverbj e di graziosi Fiorentinismi * ;"

* In one of the prefaces, or prolegomena, to the edition I have now before me, and considered, I understand, as the best,

and indeed Lippi's general style partakes of that sly *bonhommie* which, from Berni's works, has obtained the name of the Bernesco; and which is perhaps still more conspicuous in that author's smaller poems in terza rima, called Capitoli, than in his Orlando.

Proverbs, or, to call them by their more dignified name, adages, have been justly described as summaries of the wisdom of ages. They consist most commonly of the illustration of some just sentiment by a quaint laconic sort of metaphor, simile, or allegory, while their pithy and concise form makes them in some respects like the Γνώμαι, or sententious maxims which abound in Pindar and Euripides, not to refer to a more sacred author, or to many of those happy lines applicable to the affairs of human life which occur so habitually to the memory of persons much conversant with the plays of Terence, and the works of Horace, Shakspeare, and Pope. The more fre-

in two volumes 4to. 1750, from the celebrated press of Francesco Moücke, there is this just and laconic praise of the Malmantile. "Libro ottimo per apprendere le maniere e modi di dire della lingua Fiorentina."

quent use of old proverbs by vulgar and illiterate persons may be owing to this, that unaccustomed to analyse through the medium of language the process of their thoughts upon any subject, they find it convenient to jump to the conclusion by the application of some apposite proverb; and, as this reason does not so generally hold in the better ranks of society, the too frequent use of them is properly avoided; but yet, when aptly made use of, a proverb sometimes contributes to produce a happy effect even in the highest kinds of forensic or parliamentary eloquence.

It is a remarkable thing, that in that part of the united kingdom where I am now writing, it is not unusual to speak of Scotch proverbs as particularly clever, and I should be very unwilling to disclaim so well-established a confirmation of the astute* sagacity frequently attributed, by the just in praise, by others with a sneer, to my fellow-countrymen. But the truth is, that the greater part of the best of those Scotch proverbs, as well as of those of England, France, Italy, &c. and of an-

* Vide infra, note to stanza 45.

cient Greece and Rome, are to be found often literatim, but still oftener in the form of corresponding equivalents, in the languages of all those different countries. Of this, those readers will be easily satisfied, who may have amused themselves with turning over the pages of the large folio volume containing a collection of many chiliads of adages by the incomparable Erasmus, which is to be found in the complete edition of his works printed at Lyons in 1703.

It has been above observed, that much of what is reckoned humour in different countries and districts is in a manner local. Yet with this disadvantage, every reader, even such as like myself are foreigners to the language of Tuscany and Italy, if conversant with the less idiomatic poetry of that country, will find his pains well repaid by reading the Malmantile, however much he may be interrupted by unavoidable reference to the voluminous and often not satisfactory notes and commentaries of Paolo Minucci, which generally accompany the best editions. The Malmantile was first published, I believe, in 1676, twelve years after the death of the author, by Minucci,

under the name of Pucci Lamoni, as editor, that being the anagram of his real name, and of Perloni Zipoli, being in like manner the anagram of Lorenzo Lippi, the author.

The Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, and Pope's Rape of the Lock, are more commonly spoken of by the description of mock-heroic, than as burlesque poems. There is nothing of knight-errantry in their personages; nothing of the peers of Charlemagne, or King Arthur; no Archbishop Turpino; no Abbé Tritéme; no Garbolin; cited as the authorities for what they relate; there is one single action in each, as in the most regular epic, and that action in all three is founded in real fact. Yet in their details there is much of true burlesque, as the very term *mock*-heroic implies.

Tassoni, who was born in 1565, and died in 1635, began his literary career by various works in criticism, and did not publish his Secchia Rapita till 1622. He was a native of Modena.

Bracciolini, a Pistoian, born in 1556, is said by his biographer, Count Mazzuchelli, to have written his poem intitled Lo Scherno degli Dei, " *a con-*

correnza," with the Secchia Rapita. The priority of date between them is still a disputed point among the literary chronologists of Italy; but though certainly written about the same time, there is no possibility of justly accusing the one of being a plagiarist from the other. The ground work of the Secchia Rapita, as I have just mentioned, is a real incident in the history of Modena and Bologna. Every part of the Scherno degli Dei, which the author himself has explained to mean the Mockery or Ridicule of the heathen gods, is entirely fiction, and, according to my taste, very clumsy and absurd fiction *, whereas Tassoni's work, which suggested the title of the Rape of the Lock, and perhaps the general idea both of that and of the Lutrin, is worthy to stand in competition with those two master-pieces of English and French poetry. It is true that one or two Italian critics of bad, or singular, or partial taste, such as Mazzuchelli, have contended for the superiority of Bracciolini's poem. But honest Tiraboschi, after having declared his own contrary opinion, in very

* In my copy it is announced in the title page as " Poema *Piacevole*," a rash anticipation of the opinion of the reader.

strong terms, adds a powerful practical argument, by stating, that at the time when he wrote*, there had not been more than six editions of the Scherno, and none posterior to the year† 1628, whereas of the Secchia Rapita there had been thirty during that period, besides some in ultramontane countries, I believe; indeed it was first printed at Paris.

It is curious to contemplate the diversity of national tastes with regard to the three several poems of Tassoni, Boileau, and Pope. Italians, if not possessed of the Gallomania, which I think I have observed to be not much less common in Italy than the Anglomania is said to be in France, will generally be found to give a decided preference to the Secchia over the other two; whereas, as the French of the last century had been taught by Boileau to think La Fontaine had improved on the humour of Ariosto, so I have very seldom conversed on the subject with any French person

* Viz. in 17 , being the date of the second edition of Tiraboschi's work.

† There has been since an edition in the series of Milanese classics in 1804.

of letters, let him have understood English ever so well, and been as conversant as many of them now are with our English poets, who has not thought the Lutrin greatly superior to the Rape of the Lock. I again, like most others whose mother tongue is English, hold Pope's work superior beyond comparison to Boileau's. I remember once mentioning this difference of national tastes to the celebrated Abbe Delille, when I found that he not only preferred the Lutrin to the Rape of the Lock, but confessed to me that he had never been able to relish the beauties which we ascribe to the latter poem. This astonished me in a man, many of whose works prove his extensive acquaintance with our language, especially as I knew the particular admiration he had of Pope, whose poetry in general was a frequent and favourite topic of conversation with him. To us, the gallantry and tone of good company which pervades the Rape of the Lock, have charms which we cannot discover in the story of a dispute among a set of canons and choristers, about restoring an old desk to a place which it had formerly occupied in their cathedral, without any female character, except the

mistress or wife of a periwig-maker, to grace and enliven it.

I know that there are English critics, as well as foreign, who have disapproved of the machinery, as it is called, of sylphs, gnomes, &c. which Pope, by an after-thought, added to the original sketch of his admired poem. But how comparatively bald and jejune would it now appear if those aerial beings were driven from it, as Andres in his ponderous history of the Literature of all Nations thinks they ought to have been, and nothing left but transactions between mere human creatures.

Much has been written against the employment of the supernatural agency of the heathen gods in modern poetry, now that nobody believes in the existence of those pagan divinities. Yet still, whatever rigid critics may say, it is probable that Venus, Cupid, Phœbus, and the Muses, will long retain their place in the poetry of modern times. To introduce heathen gods as perpetual efficient agents in regular connection with all the events of a long narrative, certainly awakens too much our sense of improbability, and thereby

takes off from the interest which it must be the author's object to excite. Yet the substitution in their stead of those metaphysical *unembodiable* entities, the personified abstractions of human virtues, vices, or other affections of men, or of Superstition, Discord, Night, &c. (the machinery of Boileau in the Lutrin, and Voltaire in the Henriade), which we can never contemplate as invested with the complex dispositions and passions, the flesh and blood as it were of men, tends to produce a still greater sense of improbability. The idea that the greater part of the original readers of Homer and Virgil believed in the real existence of their deities, serves in some sort to satisfy the imagination, when we find in their works those deities interfering in the concerns of human life; but to reconcile us to a system of machinery founded on this assumption, that mere naked attributes of mind ever existed as distinct and individual beings, so as to take an active part in the complicated details of the affairs of our world, would require such a stretch of the imagination as will ever be found to baffle the utmost efforts of the most powerful genius. It is true, Æschylus has personified the

qualities of *Force* and *Strength* in his sublime poem of Prometheus. How far that is to be considered as one of the excellencies of that wonderful piece, I will not take upon myself to decide, nor to say whether there were not in his days such deities known.

Their appearance, however, in the Prometheus is very short, like that of the allegorical personage of Fame in the Eneid; and that sort of brief episodical personification is not only unexceptionable, but often gives variety and beauty to poetical narration*.

So deep rooted in heathen times does the po-

* Of this sort is the charming description of "*La Mollesse*" (imperfectly rendered in English by "Indolence") at the end of the second canto of the Lutrin, the last line of which particularly—"Soupire, étend les bras, ferme l'œil et s'endort,"—has been always so justly admired. Yet even in that instance I feel the objection I have stated, to the appearance of "Night" as a bustling agent in the business of the poem.

Boileau himself seems to have felt, at the end of his work, that the introduction of the heathen goddess *Themis*, to wind up his story and conclude it with a compliment to his friend the first President Lamoignon, would have a better effect than if he had adhered to the general plan of his machinery, by employing the abstract virtue Justice to perform that part.

pular creed appear to have been with all except the comparatively small number of sceptical philosophers and metaphysicians, that Lucretius, though one of those philosophers, was not afraid to place in the front of a work denying and purporting to disprove such interference of the gods, an address to Venus, ascribing all the beautiful phenomena of nature to that goddess. If he had been as rigid a logician as some of our modern critics, we should have lost one of the finest passages that is to be found in any of the classics.

In our days, though, as before observed, Apollo and the Muses are still continued to be invoked, it is not as personifications of the abstract poetical talent, but from our habitual acquaintance with them in consequence of our early classical studies, as invisible beings once thought to have inspired and presided over the exercise of that talent.

As to the machinery of the Rape of the Lock, most of us in this country have been in a manner prepared, by our almost infantine familiarity with the idea of those little sprites, the fairies of the nursery creating a sort of anticipated credence, for predilection in favour of the Rosicrucian dream,

which Pope's youthful fancy and cultivated taste led him to borrow from Gabalis.

It must have surprised some of those sectaries in poetry with us, who seem desirous of excluding Pope from the pale of that first of the fine arts, if they have chanced to meet with the work * of that Historian of all Literature quoted above as an objector to the machinery of the Rape of the Lock, to have found him (after having made the two new discoveries of a redundancy of expression in the most concise of all poets, and that he never knows when to end) complimenting him with great fertility of imagination.—

I might have been tempted, after having thus suffered myself to fall into a sort of patriotic defence of Pope's Rape of the Lock, to say something of the Dunciad; but the limits within which I had resolved to confine this discourse, require that I should omit what I might other-

* Dell'Origine, progressi, e stato attuale d'Ogni Letteratura dal Abate Giovanni Andrès, 4to. vol. 2. page 456, &c.

I should find it difficult to say whether I have been more provoked or amused by this author's absurd analysis of those two celebrated works of Pope, the Rape of the Lock, and the epistle of Heloisa to Abelard.

wise have added concerning that other admirable mock epic of his, though too temporary and personal not to have already lost much of the interest and *picquant*, which must at first have belonged to it; I except, however, from that observation the fourth book, written in a loftier strain than the other three, and calculated to please equally readers of taste, at all times and in all countries where our language shall be understood.

I shall in like manner pass over Hudibras, in its form belonging to the chivalrous burlesque, of which poem Voltaire says that he never met with so much wit in any one single book as in this, and Mr. Hume, in his History of England, justly observes, that, though scarcely any other author was ever able to express his thoughts in so few words, Butler often employs too many thoughts on one subject, and thereby becomes prolix after an unusual manner.

I now therefore proceed to give some account of the author of Ricciardetto and his work, where he himself will be my principal authority; and also of the circumstances which led me to attempt a

translation of his first canto, and my reasons for proceeding no farther.

Niccolò Forteguerri, otherwise Fortiguerra, was born in the year 1674, of respectable parents at Pistoia, in Tuscany, and after the example of one, or perhaps more, of the same family in that city, he often assumed, both in his Latin and Italian compositions, the name of Carteromachus, or Carteromaco, according to the pedantic custom of adopting the Greek translation of modern names, which was so prevalent with the learned at the revival of letters, and for many years afterwards *. Scipio Carteromachus, a Pistoian, and no doubt of our author's family, a learned man who lived in the time, and some time in the service, of Leo the Tenth, seems to have been known by no other name, either by his contemporary Erasmus, who had been familiarly acquainted with him while in Italy, or by Bayle. The former gives to this learned man an encomium for recondite and finished erudition, joined to the most

* Erasmus, from the Greek Ερασμιος, was not even a translation of that great man's family name, by which if he were now quoted nobody would know who was meant.

complete absence of all display, so happily expressed, that Bayle exclaims, after citing it, "que c'est un bel éloge! et qu'il y a peu de savans qui le meritent!" The words of Erasmus are, "Bononiæ primum videre contigit Scipionem Carteromachum, reconditæ et absolutæ eruditionis hominem, sed usque adeo alienum ab ostentatione, ut ni provocasses, jurâsses esse literarum ignarum."

Our Forteguerri also frequently followed another more modern, but not less affected mode among Italian authors, of assuming in their title pages their academic appellation, as Shepherds of Arcadia; his name, by his diploma from that academy, being Nidalmo Tiseo. He was by his parents designed for the profession of the law, but like many other poets of renown, both among us, and in France and Italy, he soon abandoned that severe study for the more seductive cultivation of the muses. Desertions *to* the bar have been much less common, and when they have happened, there have been still fewer that could have justified an exclamation similar to the elegant piece of flattery addressed by Pope to the future Lord Chief

Justice Mansfield, in the early part of that great lawyer's professional life,

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

Forteguerri's legal studies, however, were probably of use to him when, in the early part of his life, after going through the usual course of education at the university of Pisa, he established himself at Rome, under the patronage of his mother's near relation, Carlo Augustino Fabroni, afterwards Cardinal Fabroni *.

In that city, which its present inhabitants still love to hear called the Head of the world, he passed the greater part of his days under suc-

* Most of the considerable offices at the court or under the government of Rome require, to be duly executed, an acquaintance with the canon and civil law, and accordingly most of those who hold them have studied those branches of learning. They are generally made prelates or monsignori, though often not ordained priests, so that it remains competent for them to renounce the ecclesiastical character, to marry, and to hold situations incompatible with the priesthood. Many cardinals continue in that predicament. This I believe is the case of the present eminent statesman, and accomplished and amiable gentleman, Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State to his present holiness, Pius the Seventh.

cessive pontiffs, experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune. After the death of his relation, Cardinal Fabroni, in whose authoritative dignity,—says the writer of his life, Monsignor Fabroni, a relation of both,—he had long reposed all his hopes of advancement, he appears to have lived for a considerable time in a state of neglect, if not disgrace; but on the succession of Clement the Sixth to the throne of St. Peter, that venerable head of the Catholic church appointed him secretary to the congregation of cardinals, called Della Propaganda, and with well founded prospects, which however were never realised, of being soon after raised to a situation of higher dignity. Clement is said to have taken great delight in our author's company, finding relief from the cares and fatigues of his various weighty and laborious occupations in the cheerful playfulness of his conversation, and particularly to have been much amused by his recitals of the entertaining adventures of Ricciardetto, which we may suppose he delivered with peculiar grace, as we are told he had a very happy facility in repeating poetry, with a most uncommon suavity of voice and gesture; being also

of a tall and dignified presence, with limbs finely proportioned, a manly freshness of complexion, and a most engaging and exhilarating expression of countenance. He died at Rome in the possession of his office of Secretary to the Propaganda on the 17th of February, 1735, in the 61st year of his age.

It appears that Forteguerri was possessed of a most powerful memory, and an eager ambition of distinction in almost every branch of composition both in prose and verse; and, as was more the custom in those days, in Latin as well as in the vulgar and Tuscan language, as the *purists* of that district of Italy love to call the general language of the country. His Latin orations or discourses upon public occasions, both inaugural and on speculative topics of taste or morality, were applauded in their day; but I believe few were ever printed. I have never met with any of them, and it seems to be generally admitted now, even by his most unqualified admirers, that he had no particular claim to extraordinary merit in writings of that description. The great and early bent of his genius was certainly poetry. He was a proficient

not only in the knowledge of the Latin, but also of the Greek classics, and had endeavoured to form his taste upon a profound and judicious consideration of their excellencies, and in his attempts to approach the highest station in poetry, if he failed, as will be mentioned by and by, it may be said of him—"Magnis tamen excidit ausis."—As a member of the Academia degli Arcadi he composed odes, canzoni, sonnets, stanzas, and a collection of capitoli in the Terza Rima of Dante, and in a style something between the manner of Berni in his capitoli, and that of Ariosto in his satires. In whatever he undertook his aim was perfection, being used to say that one ought never to despair of arriving at the best.

While Forteguerri was actually employed in writing his Ricciardetto he executed a translation into blank verse of the Comedies of Terence, which has been published in various editions, and is spoken of in terms of high commendation by many Italian critics of high authority. He was much too good a scholar not to have done justice in his translation to the sense of the original, and too much a master of Italian versification not to

have done it with elegance, and some approach to the extreme delicacy and beauty of Terence's iambics. But modern accented hendecasyllables can ill furnish a just and happy resemblance of the inimitable dialogue of Terence.

To give the reader of Italian some idea of Forteguerri's Terzetti, in the manner of Berni, I insert at the bottom of the page * the twelve first lines of the 25th Capitolo.

The gaiety of Forteguerri's character was one of its most conspicuous features, insomuch that it had obtained for him, among his friends and acquaintances, the name of "*il Lepido,*" derived from the Latin "*lepor,*" a word to which it would

* Liborio, il caldo mi rasciuga in modo,
Che di grasso, ch'io era a'di passati,
Oggi mi trovo secco, come un chiodo.
Dall' Inferno cred'io, che sien scappati
Questi scirocchi, tanto sono ardenti,
E tramontani sol sieno pe' Frati,
Che, ancorchè involti fra lane roventi,
Van sulla nona, e'l meriggio più fitto,
In busca dell'amiche, e de' parenti.
E loro importa poco, che a diretto
Gli piombi il sole in sulla rasa nuca,
Tant 'odio han per le lor celle, e despitto.

diritto

be difficult to find one exactly synonymous in our language; it expresses that light and graceful jocundity which, when united with true good breeding, forms together the sort of chastised liveliness which still knows to confine itself

"Within the limits of becoming mirth." *

It is confessed, however, that the good Niccolò, in certain and perhaps not unfrequent moments of social relaxation and unrestrained open-heartedness, transgressed those limits. Of this being conscious himself, he was not well pleased that those should give him that appellation of Lepido whom he suspected of meaning to convey by it that he was a person who habitually sacrificed the proprieties of conversation to an indulgence in coarse and indecent pleasantry. Yet it certainly cannot be denied, that, in his most celebrated work itself, he has given way too much to the irresistible force of a laughter-loving disposition, such as is so apt to transport the boon companion beyond the checks prescribed by a just sense of delicacy and decorum. To the great purity of For-

* Shakspeare.

teguerri's manners, and his abstinence from every thing that could have justified the imputation of dissoluteness or immorality, we have abundant testimony; so that if censured because he does not always write with a due regard to delicacy, which God forbid that I should attempt to justify, though he is not more faulty in that way than the admired Ariosto, or (proh dolor!) our Spenser himself, in a certain canto of his Fairy Queen, it may be said with truth of him,

"Licentious though his song, his life was chaste!"

I have hinted that our author was ambitious of eminence in the highest sort of poetry, as well as in that which has rendered his name of such celebrity with all who have a taste for genuine humour. His Ricciardetto probably cost him a thousand times less pains than his translation of Terence; and his historian and relation relates, that as it appears that he wrote Ricciardetto in a sort of rivality with Ariosto, Berni *, &c. he had conceived a work in imitation of the immortal

* Vide, infra.

Gerusalemme, on the subject of Bajazet, but that when he was proceeding to describe the barbarian conqueror boxed up in his iron cage, he was so carried away by a sudden train of ludicrous images, that all at once he determined to relinquish a project so little suited to the natural turn of his mind.

The circumstances which gave rise to his writing Ricciardetto are told with so much simplicity and good humour by the author himself, in a letter prefixed to the first acknowledged edition, that I cannot better perform a part of what I had proposed to myself in this preface than by translating it.

He there states that at a country-house of his, near his native Pistoia, in a society of friends assembled there in the autumn of the year 1716, there were several young men of great erudition and literature, with whom, in the evenings, while others of his company diverted themselves with play in another room, he used to read sometimes Berni, sometimes the Morgante of Pulci, sometimes Ariosto, which readings, he says, were a source of very particular delight; that one evening, during

some intervening pause, after they had read for a considerable time, one of his young friends said, "God knows what a labour it must have cost the authors of those poems to compose, not to say an entire Canto, but even a dozen of their stanzas, and the greater the facility of the measure and of the rhyme appears to be, so much greater must their exertions have been." That his other friends present all concurred in this remark: 'Upon this,' continues he, 'I, less considerate, or at least more confident, observed with a smile, "In good faith those poets have, peradventure, laboured much less than you imagine, for in poetry, if not the whole, at least more than one half, is due to nature, and he who has not been benignly seconded by nature, will do well not to meddle with so noble and delectable an occupation, but rather betake himself to some other employment of his time, where art, not nature, may be his guide. And not to waste more words, but to prove in fact what I have asserted, I engage to produce to you a Canto to-morrow evening, containing in it the style of the different bards we have been reading; for to speak freely, nature has been rather liberal to me

than scanty in her gifts of that sort." The engagement was received with applause by all, and having retired after supper, I executed it punctually, and produced and read the new Canto the next evening, to the no ordinary satisfaction of the society.' —The whole thirty cantos are said to have been finished in thirty days.

When I was first in Italy, now more than half a century ago, the Ricciardetto was the most popular of all their burlesque poems with the young and gay society into which I happened to be introduced at that time, and its novelty to me, and its broad but sly humour, naturally recommended it to a very young reader; and now, in my later years (such is the force of early habit), a few cantos, or even stanzas of this jocular poem, have been a frequent temporary source of relief to my spirits when afflicted with poignant grief (of which I have had my share), or visited by occasional returns of depression and melancholy.

I had often been surprised, considering the great love of Italian poetry, both of the serious and amusing kind, so prevalent in England, that no translation of Ricciardetto into our language

had, as far as I knew, ever been attempted. The different translations of Tasso and Ariosto, as well as of the Portuguese epic Camoëns, by Fairfax, Harrington, Fanshawe, Hoole, and Mickle, are in most considerable libraries; and it seemed unaccountable, that in the country which had produced Hudibras and the Rape of the Lock, the two extremes as it were of the burlesque and mock-heroic, there had been found no translator of Ricciardetto. A few years ago I had presumed to suggest to a gentleman possessing great poetical talents, and a remarkable vein of humour and pleasantry, that if he would undertake to translate that work it would be a source of amusement to himself, and at the same time be a great service rendered to the public in this department of the very extensive and diversified domain of the British Muse. I had also ventured to state the same idea to a friend who holds almost daily and active intercourse with men of genius in all branches of science and belles lettres. My suggestion was not adopted, I verily believe from a juster measure of what is suited to the actual taste of the present day, than my habits of reading had enabled me to form. I myself,

though, like most lovers of poetry, a scanner of syllables, and accustomed to strain, from time to time, once in a year perhaps, a few lines on occasional subjects, with all the pangs and throes of difficult labour*, never dreamed of attempting any thing in verse of one third part the length of a canto of Ricciardetto. But finding myself not many weeks ago in a country-house with some friends, ladies and gentlemen, fond of "merry doggrel verse," as well as "lofty rhyme†," our conversation one evening happened to turn on the subject of Italian poetry, when I introduced my favourite topic of Ricciardetto; and wishing to give them a sort of sample of that work, I wrote and carried down with me the next morning at breakfast, the translation or imitation of the first stanza, almost as it is now printed. I had even then not the smallest intention of proceeding any farther, but, when alone, the nature of association carried me on to the next, and so from stanza to

* "Who writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year."
POPE.

† Vide infra, stanza 7.

stanza, sometimes one, sometimes two or more in a day, till I worked my way, without any fixed design, on to the 95th and last, which I finished at the inn where I slept on my road back to town. When I got about half way in my translation, while still at the country-house I have mentioned, I happened to open a printed catalogue at the end of one of the late numbers of the Quarterly Review, where I found that a translation of the first and second cantos was advertised as already published. I had not an opportunity of seeing that translation till after I had received from the printer the first proof of my own, when I found that the principal story in the first Canto had been omitted in it.—I have since learned that the author of that translation is a gentleman of great classical attainments, and known to the literary world by many happy imitations both of the Greek and Latin poets.

It has never entered into my thoughts to proceed farther in translating Ricciardetto. Were I as sure as I begin to be doubtful of the taste of the present day, on the subject of that species of poetry, it would be an ill employment of any

portion of the time I may yet have to live to devote it to such an undertaking, especially as it would certainly be necessary, in compliance with the improved delicacy of manners at this period, and in this country, to omit, curtail, or disguise, a good deal of what is contained in the succeeding Cantos of the poem. Luckily there is nothing in the first which required any departure from the original in that respect, and as that Canto comprehends a characteristic introduction, where the author speaks in his own person, and then his Muse's relation of two independent stories, those of Stella and Brunetta, I thought it might serve as a sufficient specimen of his style and manner, if I shall be found in any way to have done him justice.

While I have been writing this preface I have perused a learned and ingenious essay in the Quarterly Review (No. 42, April, 1819,) in which there is in many respects a just, but in others, in the opinion at least of myself, his volunteer translator and commentator, a not sufficiently favourable account of the genius and writings of Forteguerri. I will not have the conceit to enter the lists on any question concerning Italian poetry with the author

of that essay, who manifestly appears to be much more deeply versed in it than I can pretend to be *. I shall therefore take the same course I had meant to pursue before I had read that interesting essay, by concluding these pages with the eloquent words of the author whom I have already so often taken occasion to quote.

" Ricciardetto est, en quelque sorte, le produit du talent aimable d'un improviseur, de cette fertilité d'imagination, de cette harmonie naturelle, de cette gaité naïve et enfantine qui caracterisent les Italiens. Les strophes en sont ecrites avec une négligence que la beauté seule d'une langue si poetique et si sonore peut rendre agréable, mais il reçoît souvent aussi un mérite plus éclatant d'une inspiration plus immédiate. Souvent la versification est lâche et traînante, mais quelque-

* I am happy in this opportunity of declaring my entire concurrence with the opinion expressed in the essay above quoted, with regard to the two very entertaining poems which form the direct subject of the article referred to in the Quarterly Review, and of adding that for the persons, as well as talents of their authors (venturing to guess at the one whose publication is anonymous), I entertain the highest respect and esteem.

fois elle s'orne de toutes les plus brillantes couleurs d'une imagination du midi. Quelques morceaux s'élèvent à la plus haute poesie, dans les autres, la gaité habituelle et le charme de l'abandon font considérer comme plus naïve la manière nonchalante dont ils sont écrits. Le héros principal est un plus jeune frère de Renaud; mais tous les Paladins de Charlemagne reparaissent avec lui dans leur ancien caractère; seulement la partie comique du roman est mise beaucoup plus en évidence que dans l'Arioste; la manière de ce grand poète semble fondue avec celle de Berni et de Tassoni par Forteguerri, et ce dernier égale au moins tous ses predecesseurs en esprit et en vivacité de plaisanterie. Une gaîté un peu profane en aiguise souvent le picquant. Le prélat croyait pouvoir disposer librement de son bien; l'hipocrisie et les passions sensuelles des moines en général, et de Ferragus, qui s'étoit fait ermite, en particulier, sont l'objet de la satire la plus divertissante de Forteguerri."—*Sismondi, Litt. du Midi.*

RICCIARDETTO.

CANTO I.

Ho letto l'Ariosto, e il gran Torquato,
La Secchia, il Malmantile, e il Bracciolini,
Con quanto c'è di Poesia stampato
D'Autori Italiani e Fiorentini;
Ma pure insino ad or non ho trovato
Tra Poemi nostrali e pellegrini,
Che leggendo mi dia maggior diletto,
Come quel che s'appella *Ricciardetto.*

TO LORD G———D.

G———D! to laughter-moving song a friend,
And full of pleasant jokes and quaint remark,
An ear to Forteguerri's stories lend;
A learned wight was he and witty spark;
And, if his sense I mar instead of mend,
For words and rhymes oft groping in the dark,
My strains uncouth with kind indulgence scan,
And spare the poet if you love the man.

RICCIARDETTO.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The portrait of the Muse, capricious wench!
Prefaces here the work of Garbolin;
And though both he, and she, plain facts should wrench [1]
To make us sob and sigh, or laugh and grin,
For me, a mere Translator, to retrench
One word from what they tell were shame and sin [2],
Of our Astolphus, and of sage Araldo,
Despina, Stella, Richard, and Rinaldo.

I.

An odd caprice has got into my head
(Do all I will, I cannot drive it thence),
To tell a tale in verse, but seldom read,
I ween, or known to men of wit and sense:
No daughter of the sun, but country-bred,
My Muse to lyre of gold has no pretence;
But she's a merry soul, and takes delight
To chant her idle ditties, day and night.

II.

And though most used in the woods to range,
And drink the crystal spring, and acorns chew,
Her hint is now to sing adventures strange[3],
Of damsels fair, and war's heroic crew.
And if sometimes she chance the truth to change,
Gentles! some pardon to her fault is due;
For, never studying where sage masters teach,
She roam'd from elm to oak, from birch to beech.

III.

Yet now you find she 'll sing of love and war—
For why? to our Arcadia late there came[4]
A bevy bright of strangers from afar;
Poets and orators of mighty name,
On foot, on palfrey, donkey, cart, or car;
None skill'd like them to rhyme or to declaim,
So, loving company with them to keep,
She dreams of heroes, waking and asleep.

IV.

But, as you soon shall see, she 'll oft and oft
Imbroil herself in her geography,
Even as an ant, journeying on plaster soft,
Or on the dust, or heap of flour perdie[5].
Or like that limner, by old critics scoff'd,
Who drew a cypress in the azure sea,
And whales light-skipping on some lofty mount,
Things quite as queer my gipsy will recount.

V.

And sure for this she should not be ill-treated,
Nor pointed at, nor scorn'd, with mock and gibe;
She ne'er on high Parnassus' top was seated,
Nor read the works of any learned scribe
Of Athens, Rome, or Florence;—ne'er was greeted
Member elect of a blue-stocking tribe[6];
Nor e'er aspired with dandy wits to shine,
Who think themselves immortal and divine[7].

VI.

She only sings for merriment and glee,
(Of which, if so disposed, you may partake)
Of those strict rules the sense she ne'er could see
Which cause the heads of weary bards to ake,
Who, struggling to make wit and words agree,
In frenzy oft the third commandment break,
And scratch their addle pates, and bite their nails,
When sense or rhyme or proper accent fails.

VII.

Sometimes you'll see her (such a child she is)
Leap to and fro as doth a frisky frog;
Nor can I blame or deem her fool for this,
Nor that the patient plodder's sober jog
She's apt to turn to ridicule, and quiz[8].
Sweet Poetry! what pedant chain shall clog
Thy devious wanderings, humble or sublime,
Thy merry doggrel song, or lofty rhyme!

VIII.

Oft in the fury of the embattled field,
Drench'd with the blood of slayers, and of slain,
This so capricious Muse of mine will yield,
All in a moment, to some peaceful strain
Of soft amours; then lofty anthems build[9],
Or hymns, to holy saints in solemn fane—
Then, hark! mid ocean's roar, and tempest's shock,
She weeps for Ariadne on her rock.

IX.

See, now in hand she takes her rural pipe,
But hums, with voice subdued, and mien abash'd;
Then look not at her, till her wit, more ripe,
And bolder grown, through thick and thin has splash'd,
Lest blushes, rosy red, of shame the type,
With native lilies in her cheek be dash'd.
Hist! she begins! so let us, side by side,
Near her, in silence and on tip-toe glide.

X.

——My PURPOSE is to sing the warfare dire
Whereof I once in certain writing read;
If true or false, I did not much inquire:
Right well I know it fill'd my soul with dread,
To hear the dying screams of son and sire,
Of matrons slain, and maidens ravished,
In Paris, compass'd round, and sorely shent [10],
By paynim foes from every region sent.

XI.

The author who this curious book indites
Was Garbolin, a name that here comes pat in,
Who swears he saw the whole whereof he writes,
And set it forth, in vulgar, and in Latin.
His work my father, who in books delights,
Bought of a hind who came our goats to fatten,
And, in exchange, to suit his toes and rump,
A doublet gave, and for each foot a pump [11].

XII.

This clerk narrates the dudgeon and fierce rage
Of Afric's and of Asia's godless kings
Against great Charles the brave, the good, the sage,
When, marshalling numerous hosts and gatherings[12],
Cafria's proud chief, and Lapland's, did engage,
And Negroland's, with more of whom he sings,
(But nameless now!) all christian blood to spill,
And every christian church with idols fill.

XIII.

But mark (lest I the caution should forget),
Be pleased at all times when I talk of love
To banish from your thoughts the false conceit
That ever Love and I were hand and glove:
Love never made me mad nor merry yet,
But fancy-free, through woods and wilds I rove[13]:
So, in that sort whatever 's said or sung,
Regards me not—my withers are unwrung[14].

XIV.

The former war was scarcely at a close
Against great Charles, to fame so widely known,
When in the Infernal Council there arose
Another hellish plot to crush his throne.
Christians and Saracens again as foes
Had met, and Pluto's trump "To arms" had blown:
Now harken while I tell the how, and why,
These fatal new dissensions rose so high.

XV.

The Scricc, fell king of Cafria, had a son [15],
Of strength with Hercules himself to vie,
And who the heart of Venus might have won
By his vermilion cheek and jet-black eye.
He in the former war to France had run,
Bold lad! of strife and danger nothing shy,
Where fighting fiercely once with Ricciardetto,
He took from him a deadly stab in petto [16].

XVI.

Scricc had a daughter, too, Despina hight,
With eyes bright sparkling like two brilliant stars [17];
She ne'er had left her brother, day or night,
And loved him so, that of this would-be Mars
She was the leman deem'd by many a wight,
(His loose companions in their bloody wars!)—
Now when Despina learn'd her brother's fate,
She tore her hair, and rent her robe of state.

XVII.

"Farewell," she cries, "feast, joust, and revelry."—
—Then kindling vengeance in her father's heart,
Full many an amorous chief assembleth she,
To whom this firm resolve she doth impart:
"*That* Prince alone my wedded spouse shall be,
"Who, strong and bold, and stung by Cupid's dart,
"Shall, kneeling, on a charger, at my tent,
"My brother's murderer's gory head present."

XVIII.

Bulasso, scepter'd chief of Negroland[18],
A hideous giant, measureless and strong,
Straight sent his swarthy troops the stern command,
Without delay to join the Cafrian throng;
Resolved himself to follow out of hand.
And lo! a club, as rafter thick and long[19],
Shaking with glee before Despina's eyes,
He cries, "What think ye, shan't I win the prize?"

XIX.

And, mad to gain this heiress of the Scricc,
Of Egypt's Sultan, then, the son and heir,
Hearing her manifesto, in the nick
To his old father's palace did repair,
And got his leave to give the Franks a lick,
Forming a host of doughty spearmen there—
And Lapland's Sire, all shaggy, lean, and lank,
Call'd forth his troops—and all were heathens rank.

XX.

Besides, of gay cadets, and volunteers,
(Garbolin says at least six thousand strong)
A brilliant band! on Cafria's plain appears;
And Cafria's heiress fair, amidst the throng
Of horsemen, girding girths and pointing spears [20],
Seems now to hear the loud triumphal song,
And that by Macon's aid some fated knife [21]
Hath slit the thread of Ricciardetto's life.

XXI.

But though this storm was gathering over France—
—As peasants, newly 'scaped from winter crude,
Lead up, with violets crown'd, their rural dance,
While, on some sunny bank, of gentler mood,
Others their carols chant, in mirthful trance,
(Nature their teacher, though the song be rude!)—
Thus, spear and shield suspended on the wall,
The peaceful Peers at court had given a ball.

XXII.

But some, more quiet, near the silver Seine
Listen'd to songs of love, in verdant shade;
Quaffing in crystal goblets bright champagne,
Others at social board carousals made;
While some again more tender cares detain,
Wooing some maiden coy in cool arcade;
And many a lady fair, and favour'd swain,
Thank all the saints that peace was come again.

XXIII.

Great Charles alone sat sorrowing at the tale
Of brave Orlando's wondrous strong insanity[22],
Thinking in quest of him to ride or sail.—
But his brave Barons, with true French urbanity,
And floods of tears, beseech him (and prevail)
To stay at home, leaving to their humanity
To search each nook and crook where the Paládin
Might haply then be playing his pranks so mad in.

XXIV.

Now all were ready soon, some east, some west
To post—Rinaldo chose to ride alone—
Such solitary ways displeased the rest,
So with Astolphus sage Araldo's gone,
And Richard stout.—These three to Spain addrest
Their steeds, a land where Rowland's haunts were known,
While Oliver, with many hundreds more,
By different roads each distant clime explore.

XXV.

With Charlemagne now scarcely three times ten
Remain'd of Paladins in arms renown'd,
When at the palace of this King of men [23]
A pagan herald blew a threat'ning sound,
And fiercely made it known in accents plain,
"That straight the Scricc's dread host would there be found,
"Resolved each drop of christian blood to shed,
"Or Richardet to have alive or dead,

XXVI.

" Who gave his dear and only son to death[24]."—
Charles mildly answer'd, " To your monarch turn,
" And say, both weak and wicked thoughts he hath;
" He should alone the chance of battle mourn,
" If Ricciardetto robb'd his son of breath,
" And sent him whence no travellers return[25];
" Fortune to chop and change is never slack,
" But on her favourites often turns her back.

XXVII.

" My heroes deal in force, and not in fraud,
" Still fighting fairly as brave warriors use
" Whom generous foes as well as friends applaud;
" Nor speak I thus for that I war refuse:
" My troops shall reap fresh laurels and new laud,
" If your black Giant that same sport shall choose,
" Braving his frightful Cafrians when they list
" To meet them, sword to sword, or fist to fist.

XXVIII.

" Let them come on, that, from our city's wall,
" Our wives and children may those monsters see;
" Strange sight! 'twill stir their laughter, not their gall."
—The herald heard these words with little glee,
But looking fierce, said, "Then, have at you all!
" The Scricc, as hawk on lark, to France shall flee,
" And (for my master's threatenings are no joke)
" Your braggart words repay with fire and smoke."—

XXIX.

The herald thus despatch'd, great Carlo takes
Sage counsel with his few remaining Peers;
Then wise assignment of their duties makes,
To each according to his sense and years:
One man the truncheon of commandment shakes;
One pays the troops their long deferr'd arrears—
Repairs, provisions, embassies, require
Talents by nature given, not had for hire.

XXX.

But leave we these—and let us follow fast
Astolphus, Richard, and the sage Alard,
Who, as along the road to Spain they past,
Still tried with asking eye, and question hard[26],
To get some inkling of the Count at last[27].
But, learning nought their journey to retard,
They traverse all the mountainous expanse,
And rude, which parts the realm of Spain from France.

XXXI.

And having cross'd those lofty Pyrenees,
And view'd all Catalonia and its coast,
They wend to Arragon by slow degrees;
When thus a countryman 'gan them accost:
" Stretch'd by a common-shore, or place of ease,
" I 've seen your knight, who hath his senses lost,
" Where, bellowing like a bedlamite, he lay—
" 'Twas near Valentia, and but t'other day."

XXXII.

On hearing this the Paladins opine
'T were best to turn their steeds towards the east,
And seek Valentia by the nearest line;
So prick'd they on that road, till man and beast[28]
Felt it was season fit to rest, and dine—
Then, when of bandits half a score at least
Stopp'd them on Orepésa's desert plain,
They sent them one and all to Pluto's reign,

XXXIII.

Blaspheming as they fell!—To kiss the sea[29]
Now Phebus slants his car—the mountains high
Grow dark—the little feather'd songsters flee
In haste to shelter in some forest nigh
Mid covert close, where they may roost them, free
From dread of human snares and treachery.
The lazy toad crawls forth, the moping owls
Scream out, the cricket chirps, the gaunt wolf howls!

XXXIV.

And now the Paladins descry a fire
That seems to blaze in some near shepherd's hut,
But, whence it came all anxious to inquire,
Sharp spur to horse's flank each warrior put,
When Dwarf, in act humane, but quaint attire,
Three nosegays in his hand, is seen to strut,
Crying, "Dear lordings! from her glorious bowers [30]
"My lady greets you with these beauteous flowers.

XXXV.

"Her name is Stella (if you know it not);
"Spain never yet has seen so fair a dame;
"Much goodly land and castles she has got,
"But ne'er would hear of spouse, or change her name.
"Sweeter than nightingale 's her voice I wot
"With music's charms the toughest heart would tame;
"And if she dance in hall or on the green,
"She rivals Love's own mother, Beauty's queen."

XXXVI.

This when Astolphus heard, with studious care
Forth from its case of gold a comb he drew,
And having smooth'd his frill, and comb'd his hair [31],
He takes his faithful glass in haste to view
His precious self—The others smile and stare:
And Alard mutters low, with eyes askew,
"Oh, coxcomb vain! for ever doom'd to prove
"The dupe of women, and the slave of love!"

XXXVII.

Meantime bright flaming torches meet the sight,
Each borne by damsel blithe in jocund guise;
While from their cymbals, with sweet garlands dight,
Dulcet harmonious symphonies arise,
That take the ravish'd ear with strange delight [32]:
They all are fair, but to our warriors' eyes [33],
Their mistress, in the midst, excels as far
The rest, as Luna doth the meanest star [34].

XXXVIII.

Of bright celestial hue her garment was,
Falling but little way below her knee;
Round her fair locks a golden wreath did pass;
With graceful, decent air advanceth she;
Her taper arms were bare, and smooth as glass;
Carv'd with nice skill an ivory lyre they see
Hung round that neck, the which, I ween, doth show
More white than falls from heaven its purest snow.

XXXIX.

And singing, thus she said—"Ador'd and dear,
"Thou, holy Freedom, art! What price too high
"To purchase thee! Who sells thee must be near
"The last despair of starving penury!—
"—To soften woe, arrest the gushing tear,
"Lend mirth to sadness, check the rising sigh—
"These are thy gifts; true glory lives with thee:
"The dastard licks the dust! the brave are free[35]!

XL.

" For me, the liberty I most approve
" Is that which reigns supreme in female hearts;
" Which spurns the fetters of the tyrant Love,
" And genuine joy still unalloy'd imparts;
" Happy! who from the cradle learn to move,
" Nor lur'd, deceiv'd, nor vanquish'd by his arts.—
" —Thus I in shady arbours choose to dwell,
" And all his wiles defeat, and darts repel."

XLI.

Now, as they nearer came, was hush'd the song,
And while it seem'd she neither walk'd nor ran,
But " mov'd, smooth sliding without step, along[36],"
Her smile benignant caught the love-struck man—
—" Angels like this, my friends, to heaven belong,"
(Biting his lips, Astolphus thus began)
" For never mortal wight such charms display'd,
" Oh face! Oh voice! Oh grace! Oh matchless maid[37]!"

XLII.

Again the Lady speaks. " Ye gentle knights,
" What fortune brings you thus to Stella's wood?
" Whoso to sport with hound and hawk delights,
" Here finds of hawk and hound a peerless brood,
" With foot and wing to mock the sharpest sights:
" Come, then, unloose my dogs, my birds unhood,
" You 're welcome—other joys are here forbidden,
" Either in open bower or arbour hidden."

XLIII.

" Offspring of heaven!" exclaims our Paladin,
" Speak not, oh! speak not of such sports as these.
" To follow hound or hawk has never been
" Pastime that did my wayward fancy please;
" And now that mine enchanted eyes have seen
" Charms to which prostrate thus I bend my knees,
" What else can please? To thee supreme control
" Yield I henceforth, and empire o'er my soul."

XLIV.

And here he breathed a sigh, then waxed red;
The nymph to pass within her noble walls
Invites them: she precedes. Now heart and head
Of England's Prince such frantic love enthrals,
That close behind on Stella's heels to tread
He risks, and whispers—"Instant death befalls
"Your victim, if no pitying look you give
"To him who now by you must die or live."

XLV.

The nymph, not answering aught, her way pursues;
Her damsels slily smile with looks *astute*[38],
They dare not laugh, or speak, so prudence use,
And keep their lips and tongues unmov'd and mute.
And lo! in emerald goblets, wines profuse
Are pour'd; rich tables groan with choicest fruit
And viands;—England's hero nought descries
But the bright radiance of fair Stella's eyes.

XLVI.

Ricardo jogs him, but he feels no jog—
The tables smoke, and Stella takes her seat,
The others with her; like a stupid log
Astolphus stands, nor moves to drink or eat,
But stares on Stella, laughs, and cries; no prog
Alluring him, nor beverage.—The discreet
Alardo sighs; when Stella, this perceiving,
Cried, " Courage! I 've a drug will cure his raving."

XLVII.

Then straight produced a nut of fam'd Brasil,
And said, " When in his bed he lays him down,
" Take thou the sharpest blade of temper'd steel,
" And scrape clean off this dirty coat so brown,
" Then, having fairly clear'd away the peel,
" Rasp of the substance just a drachm, and drown
" In racy wine the raspings.—When infused,
" This wine to bathe his mouth and breast be used.

XLVIII.

" 'Tis safe and sure——My mother—(once how fair!)
" So madly on my honour'd father doted
" That men her wifely love would oft compare
" With Artemisia's, so much prized and quoted [39]!
" And, when resolved his country's fate to share,
" That patriot warrior fell, to death devoted,
" She pined away, still weeping sore and wailing;
" But when were tears to drown our woes availing!

XLIX.

" She wept and wail d in vain! corroding care
" Had changed her comely shape to skin and bone;
" Hot tears deep furrows in her cheeks did wear;
" The ruddy freshness of those cheeks was gone:
" How could her Stella's heart unbroken bear
" To see her thus a living skeleton!—
" Now, driving out one morning in the coach,
" We saw an old sea-faring man approach.

L.

" And thus he said, ' If madam 's sick from love,
" ' I 'll cure her.'—So a nut like this he gave her,
" And soon her voice grows clear, her eyes now move
" Refulgent, and with tears no longer lave her
" Now ruddy cheeks again; her thoughts now rove
" On gayer themes—'Twas clear the drug would save her:
" And so it came to pass, in scarce a year
" Its virtue quite restored my mother dear.

LI.

" The nature of this nut is to expel
" Forth from the mind love and its griefs:—It chanced
" That Proteus (so the good old man did tell)
" Once gave it to a sea-nymph far advanced
" In this disease; a swain (untouch'd and well
" Himself) in desperate love had her entranced,
" But soon the nut from thraldom set her free—
" What Proteus gave to her she gave to me.

LII.

" She gave it me—For, sitting on a rock,
" All day I used to mourn my destiny,
" Loving proud beauty, who my pains did mock,
" Nor deign'd my woes to soothe, my tears to dry;
" My tale the sea-nymph's tender heart did shock,
" (For sea and shore had heard me groan and sigh)
" And, with kind hand administering the drug,
" She cured my heart, and left it sound and snug.

LIII.

" The man subjoin'd, that once by Proteus' care
" Like nut had cured fair Helen's amorous grief.
" (Its powers when steep'd in wine how wondrous rare!)
" And Agamemnon, too, of chiefs the chief.
" And young Telemachus, Ulysses' heir,
" Thus from Calypso's snares obtain'd relief,
" Drowning all penance past, and by-gone sorrow,
" In hopes of joys each future day, and morrow."

LIV.

This said, the Lady fair got up from table,
A curt'sy made, and bid her guests good night;
When lo! distract of mind, with air unstable,
Astolphus near her drew on tip-toe light,
And whisper'd, "Cruel Stella! art thou able
"Unmoved to quit me in such doleful plight?"
The lady, feigning deafness, takes her leave,
First whispering Alard something in his sleeve.

LV.

The poor inamorato, thus forsaken,
Retired not till compell'd by his compeers;
Then struggles hard, with poniard sharp, to break in
To his uncover'd breast, and, bathed in tears,
To send his heart to Stella.—But his bacon
Is timely saved, for now the drug appears
Doing good work—else had he slain in madness
Himself and friends, and fill'd all France with sadness.

LVI.

The fated drug, the hero's frame invading,
Soon cleansed his bosom of the perilous stuff
That weigh'd upon his heart, when straight evading [40]
That madd'ning flame (the cure was somewhat rough)
He changed his loving note to harsh upbraiding
Of Stella fair, in language coarse and gruff.
Then sleeps two hours—Then hark! at peep of day
He sounds his horn, and wakes his comrades tway [41].

LVII.

" Up, up!" he cries, " to find our frantic Count!"
Says Alard, " Phrensy worse than his was yours,
" Till our most gracious hostess did recount
" Of Proteus' potent nut the wondrous cures,
" And made them all redound to your account—
" Thanks for her pains, and gratitude be ours."
The prince (now lost all trace of what had past)
Devoutly cross'd himself, and look'd aghast!

LVIII.

"Well, as we ride we 'll tell you the whole thing,"
Thus said the knights; then haste, their armour don,
And back the leavings of the nut they bring
To Stella. Then (for each in breeding shone,)
Of flowery compliments a copious string
They add.—But let them for a time spur on
As best them suits; we 'll now go join Rinaldo,
Bold as my cousin grim, great Arcibaldo[42].

LIX.

You may remember how the sulky elf
(For to your worships so he must have seem'd)
Rode forth, with no companion but himself.—
—To Persia bound, convenient port he deem'd
Famed La Rochelle, port free from rock and shelf.—
—To Persia; where one night he fondly dream'd
He 'd find Orlando; or else in Utopia[43],
Which lies between that realm and Ethiopia.

LX.

Ocean and Euxine traversed, see, he 's landing,
And for his courser ordering corn and beans;
Then at each inn and coffee-house demanding
News of Orlando, if, by any means,
He aught might learn, to Paris worth remanding,
From grey-beard, man, wife, youth, or miss in teens.
But meeting nought but negatives and scorning,
He mounts his nag, and rides away next morning.

LXI.

When he had journey'd on of miles a score,
Flying he meets a herd of kine and beeves;
Then a fair ruddy peasant girl, who tore
Her curling hair and rustic garb, perceives:
She weeps, and cries aloud, lamenting sore,
"Ah! hapless, hapless me!" then silent grieves—
He stops, and looking round, a serpent spies
Of fearful length, and most enormous size,

LXII.

Who did with gaping, gory mouth pursue
The trembling girl, that ran with all her might.
The cavalier, alighting, instant slew
The monstrous worm that caused the maiden's fright;
But when he look'd for thanks, as guerdon due,
And valour's meed, by courtesy and right,
She still runs on, and though he bawls, "stop, stop,"
On her deaf ears his cries unheeded drop.

LXIII.

Thence he pursued his journey, till the night
Surprised him near a castle on the road,
And in a neighbouring house a cheerful light
He saw, and singing heard, and laughter broad.
An inn he deem'd it, and conjectured right,
And straight he chose it for his night's abode;
For in the gate-way, blithe and full of life,
Stood, greeting him, the landlord's buxom wife.

LXIV.

He asks to eat; but in the kitchen lags;
And even would lend a hand to turn the roast;
In kitchen phrase of scullion frolics brags[44].
The landlord doubts that this is all a boast;
For, though like saucy clown his tongue he wags,
Mine host observes his love of butter'd toast[45],
And other dainties by the great approved;
And how genteel he look'd, and handsome moved.

LXV.

Resolved to try him, to the Knight he turns
And says, "If at your heart that bravery dwell,
"Which in such breasts as yours so often burns,
"Your valour may despatch a monster fell,
"Through whom a brace of piteous lovers mourns,
"And of our dolorous district merit well;
"For that dire monster, cruel, fierce, and horrible,
"Doth keep us all in terrors most deplorable."

LXVI.

The Knight replies, " We 've nothing else to do,
" And idleness no inmate is of mine;
" Tell me the tale, then, of those lovers true
" Whom this detested monster maketh pine,
" From the beginning, all in order due;
" Right well thou knowest, most courteous landlord mine,
" How much a tale told o'er a mantling cup
" Delights us when we dine, and when we sup."

LXVII.

Quoth then the Host, " The castle near at hand,
" Whose name is Baccola, did erst belong
" To a most worthy Baron of the land,
" Healthful and beautiful, like you, and strong,
" Whom, well-a-day! (so fortune did command)
" Once in our market-place, where strangers throng,
" The fairy Nera seeing, love insane
" Took forcible possession of her brain.

LXVIII.

" But he had made a present of his heart
" To Miss Brunette, who won'd in village near,
" And neither gifts nor treats on Nera's part,
" Nor threats, could win the favour of the Peer;
" So that enchantress, by her hellish art,
" Devised the hideous plot you soon shall hear;
" But waited till the wedding-day approach'd,
" And then her strange unheard-of mischief broach'd.

LXIX.

" See, where Brunetta comes in vestments white!
" Roses and lilies crown her nut-brown hair:
" We all were met rejoicing in the sight:
" And vile insidious Nera too was there,
" Midst the bride's maidens for the wedding dight;
" Who bids them wait a moment where they were,
" Under the shade of a tall cypress tree,
" From whence the bridegroom's coming they might see.

LXX.

" Behold him now advance, with joyous pace,
" Singing aloud, when lo! an imp of hell
" A flask of water from that damned place
" Gives to the fay, who straight, by witchcraft's spell,
" Squirts me that water in each lover's face.
" Now hear, with horror hear, what then befel;
" We saw them strangely changed—O fatal luck!
" The bride was grown a doe, her spouse a buck!

LXXI.

" The buck eftsoons sets off, and bounds away,
" The doe pursues him—Now 'tis past ten years
" Since, so bewitch'd, those woful lovers stray.
" Whoso shall them relieve, and quell our fears,
" Must scale a mountain which few dare essay,
" So steep to heaven its horrid front it rears;
" There, on its summit, in a lofty tower,
" Nera, the wicked witch, hath built her bower.

LXXII.

" Besides, she 's guarded there by giants two,
" One call'd Traggéa, t'other Master Stritch:
" Frightful to saints above, and fiends below;
" Both clothed in skin of snake, more rough than rich,
" More fit for stirrup-straps, than glove of beau;
" And in his fist each giant holds a switch,
" So strong, that, if comparisons we draw,
" A drayman's whip becomes a wisp of straw.

LXXIII.

" If you the scaly wretches could subdue,
" Subvert the tower, the sorceress captive make,
" What blessings to us all would then ensue!
" Th' enamour'd pair of torment leave would take,
" Restored to pristine form and rosy hue,
" And mirth no more this happy nook forsake."—
—Rinaldo cries, " Fine Paladin of France
" Am I, on such adventure to advance!

LXXIV.

" O! what a theme for mockery and mirth!
" At a mere lifeless shadow apt to tremble!
" No meaner low-born peasant treads the earth.
" My father Ludwig, whom I much resemble,
" At Pisa got me—Lucia gave me birth,
" Scared by a ghost—the truth I 'll not dissemble,
" And at a time when 'twas their daily habit
" To feed on nought but water-gruel and rabbit.

LXXV.

" Those giants, ugly, powerful, fierce, and hideous,
" Have put me into such a strange quandary!
" I see them!—Oh! they 'll make the night so tedious!
" I ne'er can sleep alone!—See!—Blessed Mary!
" Lord! how they stare! and then that witch insidious!
" —Sir, with your wife all night I fain would tarry."
Mine host, grown jealous, makes him this reply—
" We see your drift, Sir Knave, with half an eye."

LXXVI.

With this, he catches up a *piece of á stick*[46],
And says, "Your folly shall have this reward;"
Then brandishes the same with air gymnastic.
Rinaldo on his knees solicits hard
For pardon, in a whining strain bombastic.
Mine host does this as cowardice regard,
And hits him on the nob: the knight grows furious[47],
And takes him by both legs, in mode most curious,

LXXVII.

And round the chamber makes the lubbard swing;
As long ago old Jessé's son was seen
Whirling the fatal stone in leathern sling,
Which laid Goliah sprawling on the green.
The hostess saw, with tears and blubbering,
The likely upshot of this fearful scene;
When, for her sake, Rinaldo laid him down
In semblance fast asleep, or in a swoon.

LXXVIII.

To bed the Knight betakes him, till the east
Was dyed vermilion by the opening dawn;
Then up, in breastplate bright and helmet drest,
Alone, on foot, he treads the dewy lawn;
But first his eye to a small book address'd,
(Gift of a dame on whom he used to fawn)
To see if aught of useful knowledge he
Might haply reap from her astrology.

LXXIX.

There reads (at page six hundred forty-five)
What her profound foreknowledge doth command,
How he the fay must bind, and burn alive;
And, gathering up the ashes in his hand,
Strew them where most the doe had use to drive
Her once betrothed buck along the strand
In furious speed, sans pity or remorse,
Impell'd by sorcery's resistless force.

LXXX.

How, passing o'er that path, they each shall doff
(Doe-bride and bridegroom-buck) their bestial hide,
And he, a buck no more, shall lead her off,
Making this whilom doe (so long a bride)
His wife, who many a hymeneal strophe
Shall joyous sing, right blithely, by his side;
" But mind, if you release the captived witch,
" She 'll whip you dead with scourge of giant Stritch."

LXXXI.

He near'd the mount—Traggéa hears the clang[48]
Of arms, and spies the Knight—then bawls, " Some broth
" Would'st have, my lad?" (in Babylonish slang)
" Come, win it first."—Rinaldo, waxing wroth,
Cries, " Beast! right soon we'll give thee such a bang,
" 'T will change to dying groans thy vapouring froth."
—Traggéa hurls huge stone with hasty hand[49]
At our brave Peer—*He* ducks, and draws his brand.—

LXXXII.

His brand he draws, and, darting on him quick,
A deadly wound inflicts above the groin.
A sword it was to pierce through armour thick
Of brightest steel—point, blade, and dudgeon fine.
The Patagonian brute grows wondrous sick,
Then headlong grunts, and dies like loathsome swine[50].—
When Striccia sees the downfal of his fellow,
He roars! the mountain groans! the rocks rebellow!

LXXXIII.

Thunder'd his voice! as lightning flash'd his eye!
And, lo! his switch he levels at our Knight,
(So sudden, had he wish'd, he could not fly)
Aiming a blow that must have crush'd him quite;
By feint Rinaldo turns the stroke awry,
Then driveth at his foe, with main and might,
Falchion which never yet its object miss'd;
And leaves each arm a stump without a fist.

LXXXIV.

The monster screams, yet still, with show of courage,
Looks fierce, and flings about each bleeding stump;
Rinaldo pays him for this long demurrage
With scores of kicks and cuffs on guts and rump;
Till, lest last night's should prove his farewell porridge,
(So stoutly did our knight his jerkin thump)
Stritch plies his heels towards the castle gate;
Rinaldo, following fast, o'ertakes him straight;

LXXXV.

And at the very portal thrusts his steel
Half through the entrails of the recreant wretch.
See! now he staggers! See him streetward reel,
And on the flags his caitiff carcass stretch.
He writhes convulsed. Rinaldo lets him feel
Once more his carving knife on bust and breech;
Then cries, "Die, brute!" (and so he does): the while
Rinaldo wipes his blade, nor stops his toil.

LXXXVI.

But presses on to where, in garden fair,
There sat a damsel, weeping and forlorn;
"Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair[51],"
Part clothed she was, part naked as when born.
Her alabaster breast and arms were bare;
Her eyes the stars of heaven itself might scorn;
Like orient suns on flowery meads they shine,
Shedding mild lustre o'er her face divine.

LXXXVII.

The Knight draws near. The damsel trembles sore,
But trembling seems more beauteous in his sight,
And, as his fury melteth more and more,
By gazing on those humid rays so bright,
The dame, provided with a copious store
Of cunning, sighing loud, exclaims, "Sir Knight,
"Help! help! for honour's sake commiserate
"A poor devoted maiden's ruthless fate."

LXXXVIII.

Unmann'd he stands, and, less alive than dead,
From nerveless arm lets fall his trusty sword.
The sorceress' eyes, now tearless, burning red,
Dart forth a sulphurous flame and smoke abhorr'd[52],
And straight to seize him as her prey she sped;
But, govern'd by his book's unerring word,
Now following up his system, stout and steady,
A ball of cord he dext'rously gets ready:

LXXXIX.

Then binds her as our woodmen faggots bind,
Ties her, thus fetter'd, to a neighbouring tree,
And clips her flowing locks with sheers unkind,
When, lo! no more fair maiden seemeth she,
But (which the book foretold him he would find)
O! strange result of all her sorcery!
A goblin old, unsavoury, and uncouth,
Wrinkled, deform'd, eyes blear'd, and ne'er a tooth.

XC.

He then piles round the witch of wood a heap,
Which, kindled, smokes and blazes tow'rds the skies;
Shrieks the foul fiend, and tries to bound and leap,
Soon as the crackling flame did upwards rise;
But tether'd fast, and forced her place to keep,
The fire soon meets the sulphur of her eyes,
And soon her worthless life remains extinguish'd,
A mass of ashes, by no shape distinguish'd.

XCI.

Our hero gathers up the wretch's embers,
And with assiduous care and hasten'd pace
(For all the book had taught he well remembers),
He makes his way to the predicted place,
And putting in a sieve the pristine members
Of her, thus brought to death in vile disgrace,
Sifts them where doe and buck were doom'd to pass,
And take again the form of lad and lass.

XCII.

The neighbours all had seen each marvellous feat,
The giants slain, the Knight's triumphant entry
Within the precincts of that steep retreat,
Spite of those monsters fierce who there stood sentry,
And safe escape from that unhallow'd seat;
And now those grateful, rescued, happy gentry
Embrace him warmly, and with laud and song
Joyful surround him as he moves along.

XCIII.

Meanwhile the doe and buck came on with speed,
And, as they cross'd the path, grew maid and man;
O! then what acts of grateful thanks succeed!
Their words, rebounding, through the mountain ran,
Giving, "in good set terms," the Knight his meed[53].
At length they "what" and "how" to ask began,
When, as they bow and curtsy, long and low,
Rinaldo tells the whole, from top to toe.

XCIV.

Much press'd is now the victor to remain
Beneath their roof by each enamour'd spouse;
When sudden, gallop, gallop, o'er the plain,
With bloody spurs, horse breathless, reins thrown loose,
A courier comes express from Charlemagne,
The emperor's favourite Moor, and brings the news
That once again in France unchristian wár-is-sèen [54],
And Paris close besieged by heath'nish Sá-rà-cèn.

XCV.

Rinaldo starts; bows low; and mounts his horse;
Hies to the shore; and there embarks for France;
Exclaiming loud, as he pursues his course,
"When I get home, I'll lead the knaves a dance."—
—But here my weary Muse must stop perforce:
Mark how she hobbles now when she would prance.
Next week, should you approve, in livelier verse [55],
New and more strange adventures she'll rehearse.

Next week our Forteguerri's Muse renew'd
Her extracts from thy work, grave Garbolin!
But mine, fair reader, be it understood,
Did never pledge herself, nor ever mean
In English rhyme the promise to make good.—
—I'm told another wight of late was seen
To dip a finger in that wench's pie—
—Much good may't do him!—Gentles all, "good bye.'

NOTES.

Note 1, argument.

And though both he, and she, plain facts should wrench.

" Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often *wrench.*"

Milton, Son. 21.

Note 2, argument.

For me, a mere translator! to retrench
One word from what they tell, were shame and sin.

I trust those who may have the curiosity to compare this translation with the original, will observe how scrupulously attentive I have been to avoid subjecting myself to the sin here denounced.

Note 3, stanza ii.

Her hint is now to sing adventures strange.

" Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my *hint* to speak."

Shakespeare, Othello.

Note 4, stanza iii.

———To our Arcadia late there came
A bevy bright of shepherds from afar;
Poets and orators of mighty name.

This passage manifestly alludes to the set of friends, mentioned in the author's account of the origin of his poem, and which I have inserted in the preface.

Note 5, stanza iv.

——— Or heap of flour perdie.

This word " perdie" is not in my edition of Johnson's Dictionary, though it occurs, not only in Spenser (whom, however, Johnson often quotes as authority), but also in a well known epigram of Prior,

" Had this same tale in other guise been told,
Had they been young *(perdie)* and she been old."

It is in some degree an expletive, like *usque* in Latin; but it also sometimes serves to give a sort of *Archaic* vigour to an assertion, when used with discretion.

Note 6, stanza v.

Member elect of a blue-stocking tribe,
Nor e'er aspired with dandy wits to shine.

The expressions "*blue-stocking*" and "*dandy*" may furnish subject matter for the learning of a commentator at some future period. At present every English reader will understand them. The first has become classical by Mrs. Hannah More's poem of the "Bas Bleu," and the other by the use of it in one of Lord Byron's poems. Though now become familiar and rather trite, their day may not be long.

. . . . . "Cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula."

Note 7, stanza v.

Who think themselves immortal and divine.

"E si stima ciascun nel suo pensiero
Assai più di Virgilio e più d'Omero."

Bracciolini Scherno degli Dei, canto 3. st. 2.

Note 8, stanza vii.

She's apt to turn to ridicule, and quiz.

The word *quiz*, sometimes written *quizz*, stands in the same predicament with those observed upon in note 6. It is not in Johnson, nor perhaps in any author of note before the end of the last century, or the beginning of this; but now it is in general, and, I may say, fashionable use, both as a verb and as a noun. "Quizzing," as I understand it, is a coarser or

broader shade of what is called by the French *persiflage*, and *mystification*; two words now very commonly used with us in conversation.

Note 9, stanza viii.

———*Then lofty anthems build.*

" Who would not weep for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and *build* the lofty rhyme."
Milton, Lycidas.

Note 10, stanza x.

In Paris, compass'd round, and sorely shent.

Johnson cites not only Spenser and Shakespeare, but Dryden also for the word "*shent*;" and Spenser for the infinitive "to *shend*."

" Debateful strife, and cruel enmity,
The famous name of knighthood foully *shend*."

Note 11, stanza xi.

And, in exchange, to suit his toes and rump,
A doublet gave, and for each foot a pump.

After the authentic picture that Forteguerri has given us of his merry but rustic and ignorant Muse, we can hardly suppose that in this account of her father's barter with the poor goatherd, she could have in view the similar transaction between Diomed and Glaucus, in the 6th Iliad, where, whatever

refining critics or translators may say, Homer pretty clearly meant to express his opinion that honest Glaucus had been sadly outwitted by Tydides:

Ἔνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,
Ὅς πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμειβε,
Χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

Il. Ἰb. vi. 234, &c.

Which Pope thus renders in six lines,—

"Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd:
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarged his mind:)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought."

But Cowper, in but four lines, and more conformable to the obvious sense of the text, (though not less prosaical), as follows:

"Then Jove of sober judgment so bereft
Infatuate Glaucus, that with Tydeus' son
He barter'd gold for brass; an hundred beeves
In value, for the value small of nine."

It might be surmised that the frolicsome maiden had heard something of that adventure from some of those wits whom she had lately met with at her friend Forteguerri's villa, according to what he says in the third stanza. Be that as it may, considering the value she must have set upon the work of the great Garbolin, she cannot but have felt how infinitely

it exceeded that of the pair of *pumps* (so called in the language of the gods, but in that of mortal men only *brogues*—fit calceament for such simple lout) with which he had cunningly purchased it from the illiterate goatherd.

Note 12, stanza xii.

When, marshalling numerous hosts and gatherings.

"*Gathering*" is an expression used in the Highlands of Scotland for the meeting under arms of the men of a Clan on the summons of their Chieftain.

Note 13, stanza xiii.

But fancy-free, through woods and wilds I rove.

"But the imperial vot'ress passed on
In maiden meditation, *fancy-free*."

Shakespeare.

Wieland has translated literally the words "maiden meditation" in his poem called "Liebe um Liebe."

"Ueber den ebnen grünen raum
In stillen *jung-fräulichen gedanken*
Das holdes mädchen vorübergieng."

4 Buch.

Note 14, stanza xiii.

———*My withers are unwrung.*

"Let the gall'd jade wince,
Our *withers are unwrung*."

Shakespeare, Hamlet.

Note 15, stanza xv.

The Scricc, fell king of Cafria, had a son.

Scricca is the name in the original, and if this monosyllable should appear harsh to an English ear, let me justify myself in the use of it by the example of Dumourier, the French imitator of Ricciardetto.

" *Scric*, roi de Caffre, avoit un certain fils."

In my opinion, the sound on this occasion adds to the burlesque drollery and mock dignity of the poetry.

Note 16, stanza xv.

He took from him a deadly stab in petto.

" Which from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt."

Shakespeare, As you like it.

" In petto" is an expression like the word " *inamorato*," which occurs afterwards in stanza 55; both have been long in a manner naturalized in our language.

Note 17, stanza xvi.

With eyes bright sparkling like two brilliant stars.

" Αλίγκιον ἀςέρι καλῷ."

Il. lib. vi. v. 401.

Note 18, stanza xviii.

Bulasso, scepter'd chief of Negroland.

" Moloch, *scepter'd* king."

Milton.

Note 19, stanza xviii.

—A club, as rafter thick and long.

Κορύνῃ ῥήγνυσκε φαλάγγας.

Iliad.

Note 20, stanza xx.

Of horsemen, girding girths and pointing spears.

This line was meant to bear some allusion to the following passage of Homer:

Εὖ μέν τις δόρυ ξηξάσθω, εὖ δ'ἀσπίδα θέσθω,
Εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δεῖπνον δοτω ωκυπόδεσσιν,
Εὖ δέ τις ἅρματ@· ἀμφὶς ἰδὼν, πολέμοιο μεδέσθω.

Il. lib. ii. v. 382, &c.

Imitated by Milton,

" Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield."

Par. Lost, B. ii. v. 541.

Forteguerri's line is,

" Chi raggiusta le selle, e chi gli elmetti."

Note 21, stanza xx.

And that by Macon's aid.

" *Macon*," or " *Macone*," is a name frequently used by the Italian romance poets for " Mahomet."

Note 22, stanza xxiii.

Great Charles alone sat sorrowing at the tale
Of brave Orlando's wondrous strong insanity.

The masterly account of Orlando's madness, the reader will find in the Orlando Furioso, Canto 24, stanza 25.

Note 23, stanza xxv.

———*This King of men.*

"——Α'γαξ ἀνδρῶν Αγαμέμνων."
Hom.

Note 24, stanza xxv.—xxvi.

Or Richardet to have alive or dead,
Who gave his dear and only son to death.

Many examples might be adduced both from Italian and English Poets, where the sense is thus carried on from one stanza to another. To admit the frequent use of this licence, as I think it may be called, would certainly have a bad effect, as a similar *enjambement* has, (to use the French term) when in rhyming distichs the sense is too often made to begin in one, and carried on to a full stop in the middle of the following line, or, which is still more analogous to the present instance, where the sense of the last line of a distich is carried on in like manner to the middle or end of the first of the next. It is indeed true, that when this sort of enjambement never or extremely rarely occurs in works of any considerable length, that sort of monotony is produced which is so generally objected to in Pope's versification. But as, after all, rhyme in

the same manner as the measure of every sort of verse, must be *intended*, in some degree, to be perceived (otherwise why write in rhyme or poetical measure?) the ear may be said to be disappointed when, in order to give a real or supposed due effect to the sense, that intention, though professed by the very form of the composition, is, as it were, studiously defeated. Therefore, as a general proposition, this ought to be avoided, unless when the manifest advantage of harmony and variety, or that of fixing the attention to some obviously emphatic pause in the sense, more than counterbalances such disappointment. In the verse of the Fairy Queen, the Minstrel, the Castle of Indolence, and Childe Harold, the last line of every stanza being an Alexandrine, this enjambement seems more productive of that sort of disappointment to the ear, than where there is no such change of the measure in the moment of passing from one stanza to the other; besides which the full completion of the thought, by the winding of it up in the Alexandrine, is one of the most striking beauties belonging to that sort of verse. Still however every one must feel the good effect of sometimes breaking the continually returning uniformity even of such stanzas, by sacrificing what, if they are considered separately, seems in a manner essential to their perfect construction. The French in their distichs much more frequently than any of our poets carry the sense on from the last line of one distich to the end of the first of the other, so as to begin a new subject with the second line of that other distich. This I imagine they do the more to fix the attention to that change of subject. The sense in the last line of the 25th stanza to which this note applies, is carried on in the first

line of the 26th stanza, quite to the end of that line. In a subsequent stanza (33) the enjambement stops in the middle of a line, and these are the only two instances in which I have resorted to the licence which I have been endeavouring to explain. But though I have here tried to *express* what I believe most readers of poetry *feel* with regard to those niceties in versification, the good taste of the poet must guide him in the use he may make of them, as well as of every deviation from the more ordinary practice; and the good taste of his readers must decide whether the effect justifies such deviation.

Note 25, stanza xxvi.

And sent him whence no travellers return.

" That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

Shakespeare, Hamlet.

Note 26, stanza xxx.

Still tried with asking eye.

" Explain the asking eye."

Pope, Epil. to Satires.

Note 27, stanza xxx.

To get some inkling of the Count *at last.*

By the Italian poets who have written on the fabulous history of Charlemagne and his Paladins, Orlando is often called

il Conte de Montalbano, as Astolfo is represented as prince of England. Vide Stanza 44.

Note 28, stanza xxxii.

So prick'd *they on that road.*

" A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain."

Spenser, F. Q.

Note 29, stanza xxxiii.

Blaspheming as they fell!

Vide note 24, stanza 25-6.

Note 30, stanza xxxiv.

Crying, " *Dear lordings! from her glorious bowers*
" *My lady greets you with these beauteous flowers.*"

" To *lordings* proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall,
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall."

Swift.

Note 31, stanza xxxvi.

And having smooth'd his frill.

The word " frill" is not to be found in Johnson, but it is daily in the mouths of all persons of all ranks for what is otherwise called the " *breast-ruffle* of a man's shirt." I am told

by some of my female friends, that it also extends to appendages of the same sort to any part of dress; as the "*frill* of a ruff, of a tucker, shirt collar," &c.

The reader will perceive that the character of Astolphus, or Astolfo, is that of a coxcomb, brave, easily captivated and inflamed, and with a fribblish attention to his dress.

Note 32, stanza xxxvii.

That take the ravish'd ear with strange delight.

"The song was partial, but the harmony
Suspended hell, and *took with ravishment*
The thronging audience."

Par. Lost, B. 2. v. 552.

Note 33, stanza xxxvii.

They all are fair, &c.

Ρ' εἶα δ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλὰι δέ ἷε πᾶσαι.

Odyss. Z. v. 108.

Note 34, stanza xxxvii.

Their mistress, in the midst, excels as far
The rest, as Luna doth the meanest star.

————Velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 12.

Note 35, stanza xxxix.

————*Ador'd and dear,*
Thou, holy Freedom, art.

This more serious address to Freedom in one stanza, seems so little in unison with the continuation of it in the next, that

I have sometimes thought it must have been one of those "*purpurei panni*" which poets amuse themselves in composing, and keep by them, ready to be incorporated, on any accidental occasion that may occur, into some work for which they may not have been at first particularly designed. Such it has always appeared to me must have been the case with the famous speech of *Jaques* on the different stages of human life in "As you like it:" and there are many other admired passages in *Shakespeare's* plays of the same sort, which in *getting some of them up*, as it is called, for representation, have often been transferred into those prepared for acting, from their original places.—The following beautiful verses on marriage, from *Voltaire's* comedy of the "Enfant Prodigue," might, in like manner, with very little alteration, be introduced into any other play where the subject of marriage is to be mentioned.

"A mon avis, l'hymen, et ses liens,
Sont les plus grands, ou des maux ou des biens:
Point de milieu; l'état du mariage
Est des humains le plus cher avantage,
Quand le rapport des esprits et des cœurs,
Des sentimens, des goûts, et des humeurs,
Serre ces nœuds tissus par la nature,
Que l'amour forme, et que l'honneur épure.
Dieux! quel plaisir d'aimer publiquement;
Et de porter le nom de son amant!
Votre maison, vos gens, votre livrée,
Tout vous retrace une image adorée;
Et vos enfans, ces gages précieux,
Nés de l'amour, en sont de nouveaux nœuds.

" Un tel hymen, une union si chère,
Si l'on en voit, c'est le ciel sur la terre !
Mais tristement vendre, par un contrat,
Sa liberté, son nom, et son état,
Aux volontés d'un maître despotique,
Dont on devient le prémier domestique;
Se quereller ou s'éviter le jour;
Sans joie à table, et la nuit sans amour;
Trembler toujours d'avoir une faiblesse,
Y succomber, ou combattre sans cesse;
Tromper son maître, ou vivre sans espoir,
Dans les langueurs d'un importun devoir;
Gémir, sécher dans sa douleur profonde;
Un tel hymen est l'enfer de ce monde !"

Of these very popular lines, the following imitation has been attempted.

In my opinion, Hymen and his chains
Are the chief source of pleasures and of pains;
That state no medium knows. To every wife
Marriage is bliss, or wretchedness for life.
When head and heart in unison we see,
When tempers, tastes, and sentiments agree,
The precious knot to fasten and secure,
Which Nature form'd, and honour render'd pure,
Gods ! unrestrain'd, how charming to make known
Your love for him, whose name is now your own;
Your very house, your servants, liveries, all
Still that dear object to your thoughts recal;
But chief your darling offspring, born to prove
New ties and tender pledges of your love;

" Oh! such an union, if to mortals giv'n,
Is a sure foretaste of the joys of heaven!
But by a sordid contract, seal'd and sign'd,
To be made over, bargain'd, sold, assign'd,
To a despotic master's sovereign will;
His upper, but most abject servant still;
To quarrel daily, or to shun his sight;
Joyless at meals, at morn, at noon, at night;
Fearful to some forbidden love to yield,
Or still to combat with a flame conceal'd;
To languish and to pine in ceaseless woe;
Oh! this were torture worse than hell's to know!"

Note 36, stanza xli.

But mov'd smooth sliding without step along.

————Smooth sliding without step.
Par. Lost, B. 8. v. 302.

Note 37, stanza xli.

Oh face! Oh voice! Oh grace! Oh matchless maid!

This line was meant to resemble in its character, expressive of sudden agitation and passion, though not in the particular sense of the words, the following verses of Theocritus and Virgil.

"Ὡς ἴδον, ὡς ἐμάνην, ὡς μευ περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη."
Theo. Id. 2. v. 82.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!
Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 41.

Note 38, stanza xlv.

Her damsels slily smile with looks astute.

This word "astute" is in very common use in the forensic language of the English bar, but I question if it has been yet fully naturalized with us beyond that pale. The French have "*astuce*," and I think I have heard "*astucieux*," though it is not in the Dictionary of the Academy: the Italians have "*astuto*" and "*astuzia*."—Perhaps "*shrewd*" has pretty nearly the same sense; but, alas! it would not rhyme with "*mute*."

Note 39, stanza xlviii.

That men her wifely love would oft compare
With Artemisia's, *so much prized and quoted.*

"Φθίσει δ' ἀποθωνάσης, διὰ πένθος ἴδ' ἀνδρὸς." *Strabo*, Lib. 14. *Suidas* in "*Artemisia*," Cic. Tusc. Q. 3.

Note 40, stanza lvi.

Soon cleans'd his bosom of the perilous stuff
That weigh'd upon his heart.

"And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that *perilous stuff*
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Shakespeare, Macbeth.

Note 41, stanza lvi.

And wakes his comrades tway.

"And Gyon's angry blade so fierce did play,
That quite it clove its plumed crest in *tway*."

Spenser.

Note 42, stanza lviii.

Bold as my cousin grim, great Arcibaldo.

"Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε, καὶ αἵματος ἔυχομαι εἶναι."

———" *Douglas* stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
I mean that *Douglas*, sixth of yore
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
King James's minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald *Bell-the-Cat*."

I hope I shall be pardoned for having mentioned in this place that Scottish chieftain and hero, *Archibald Douglas*, the VIth* Earl of Angus of his name and family, and one of the most eminent warriors in the history of Scotland. He is often distinguished in that history by the different appellations of "*Archibald the Great Earl of Angus*," and *Archibald Bell-the-Cat*; which last name he derived from his having made use of the well-known fable, on offering himself (and he performed what he offered) personally to impeach and seize the favourite and obnoxious servants of *James* the Third, in that monarch's presence. He is one of the most remarkable personages in the poem of Marmion, whose author seems in

* Or, according to some, the Vth.

many of his works, to have taken particular delight in referring to the chivalrous renown of that house; and who has therefore, independent of his transcendant talents, a particular claim to the admiration and gratitude of all who bear the name of *Douglas*.

In another passage of the same poem, like honourable homage is paid to the memory of Gawin *Douglas*, one of the sons of that Archibald, and well-known to all conversant with the history of English poetry, by his celebrated translation of the Eneid.

" A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet shew'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleas'd that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Note 43, stanza lix.

——— *Or else in* Utopia,
Which lies between that realm and Ethiopia.

If any of my readers should be disposed to question the relative situation which Forteguerri's Muse has here assigned to Utopia, that fertile and interesting portion of Terra Incognita, in consequence of the poet's too candid surmise of her

false steps in geography, in stanza 4, I beg leave to refer him to *Busching's Erdbeschreibung*, T. 10. p. 112.

Note 44, stanza lxiv.

In kitchen phrase of scullion frolics brags.

" 'Υπογλυκάινων ῥημ· ἰτίοις μαγειρικοῖς."

Aristoph. 'Ιππῆς. v. 216.

Note 45, stanza lxiv.

Mine host observes his love of butter'd toast.

The fashionable English innkeepers, whose accomplished daughters learn to draw, sing, play, and speak what they call French, and even Italian, would not reckon the love of buttered toast any great sign of gentility, though it is a favourite English regale, and an Italian *Anglomane* may very well be supposed to consider it as a dainty.

There is an anecdote of a well-known representative of this country in Italy some sixty or seventy years ago, who having invited an Englishman to dinner with a number of British travellers, but who had no acquaintance of that visitor, a question arose, after he retired, concerning him, and to what class of society he might belong; upon which the diplomate observed, that he had no particular means of knowing who he was, but that he must have been accustomed to good company, since he eat grated cheese with his soup.

Note 46, stanza lxxvi.

With this, he catches up a piece of a stick.

" And pulpit, drum ecclesi*astic*,
Was beat with fist instead of *a-stick*."

Hudibras.

Note 47, stanza lxxvi.

And hits him on the nob.

I do not find this ignoble but familiar word " *nob*" in Johnson's Dictionary.

Note 48, stanza lxxxi.

He near'd *the mount.*

To " *near*" for to " approach," as a verb, is not in Johnson; but it is familiar with all persons acquainted with sea phraseology.

Note 49, stanza lxxxi.

Traggéa hurls huge stone with hasty hand.

———" Ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον!"

Il. Lib. 5. v. 302.

" Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod fortè jacebat—
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem."

Æn. 12. 897.

Note 50, stanza lxxxii.

Then headlong grunts, *and dies like loathsome swine.*

" To *grunt* and sweat under a weary life."

Shakespeare.

See the learned notes, upon the use of the word "grunt" in Hamlet's famous soliloquy, by Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. The modern reading is "groan," which sounds better to our refined ears; but those eminent commentators have decided, upon the authority of various quotations from their author and other old poets, for the more homely term; and which, at any rate, suits my purpose better.

Note 51, stanza lxxxvi.

Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair.

This line I have always admired. It is taken verbatim from Shenstone, Elegy 15.

Note 52, stanza lxxxviii.

Dart forth a sulphurous flame, and smoke abhorr'd.

Sa bouche se remplit d'un poison odieux
Et de longs traits de feu lui sortent par les yeux.
Lutrin 1. v. 44.

Note 53, stanza xciii.

Giving "in good set terms," *the knight his meed.*

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd at lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool."
Shakespeare, As you like it.

Note 54, stanza xciv.

That once again in France unchristian wár-is-sèen,
And Paris close besieged by heath'nish Sá-rà-cèn.

In this sort of triple rhyme, the two last syllables are supernumerary; and where the verse is in our ordinary heroic decasyllabic iambic measure, they render the last, or fifth foot, instead of being an accented iambus, like "*sùccéss*," "*rèsént*," &c. that sort of compound foot of four syllables, in which the *second* is long in Greek and Latin, and accented in our language, and the other three short, or non-accented, which foot is called by the prosodaists "the second pœon" (*-tiùn-wár-is-sèen*); for instance, like the Latin word "*rèsólvèrè*." This of course gives to the three last syllables the effect of a dactyl, as "Sáràcèn" resembles in this respect "sōlvĕrĕ." When such three syllables consist in part or entirely of monosyllabic words, as "*war-is-seen*" in the first of the two lines above, they sound harsh to the ear if any but the second of those monosyllables require from their nature to be pronounced (as "*seen*" does in that line) with some degree of exertion or emphasis, which, in our ordinary versification, would render them analogous to long syllables in Greek and Latin. It was to show my sense of this harshness that, in stanza 95, I introduced the line—

"Mark how she *hobbles* now when she would prance."

—Yet when such lines are employed with discretion, and with a view to particular *effect*, especially in rhyme, they are sometimes very amusing. Witness the general popularity of the two following lines in one of Lord Byron's poems,

" But, Oh! ye lords of ladies in-*tèllèctùàl*,
Inform us truly, have they not *hèn-pèck'd-yòu-àll* ?*"

I may also cite these of Swift when speaking of his deafness, and which I quote from memory. (They belong to the eight-syllable iambic measure.)

" For both my ears were fellòw *sùffèrèrs*,
Which made my grandame al-*wàys stùff hèr èars*."

And in the same piece,

" To t' other ear I found *èt cómìng òn*,
And thus I solve this hard *phènómènòn*."

And these of Butler, in the same last-mentioned kind of verse,

" There was an ancient sage phìlósòphèr
That had read Alexand*er Ross over*."

Our dodecasyllabics, such as the two lines to which this note refers, terminating with the second peon, or a dactyl, whether in rhyme or blank verse, (differing entirely from our regular dodecasyllabic iambics or Alexandrines), correspond exactly to the versi sdruccioli of the Italians; whereas their regular heroic measure, consisting (strictly) of five iambic feet with an additional eleventh unaccented syllable, resembles as exactly our ordinary decasyllabics when they have the addition of one supernumerary or eleventh unaccented syllable. Of this, instances are very common in the blank verse of our tragedies, and occur sometimes in Milton; I doubt if at all

* Here this 5th foot is analogous to "*rĕsŏlvĕrĕ*."

in Thomson's Seasons: often in Dryden's rhymes: scarcely ever in Pope, unless when he means to give a burlesque turn to his verse, as in the two following distichs:

" Whether the goddess sinner it, or *saint-it*,
If folly grow romantic, I must *paint-it*."

" Worth makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*,
The rest is all but leather and pru*nella*."

Here is an instance from the Paradise Lost:

———What time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspir-ing
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High."

Shakespeare seems, in a few of his plays, particularly in Henry VIII., to have studied to make use of this supernumerary or eleventh syllable. Of this a very striking example occurs in the beautiful soliloquy of Wolsey, which, consisting of twenty-two lines, has but five of those that are not hendecasyllables.

So farewell to the little good you bear-me!
Farewell! a long farewell to all my great-ness.
This is the state of man; to-day he puts-forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos-soms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon-him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, (1)
And when he thinks, good easy man, full sure-ly
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root, (2)

And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-tur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-ders,
These many summers in a sea of glo-ry;
But far beyond my depth! my high blown pride (3)
At length broke under me, and now has left-me,
Weary and old with service, to the mer-cy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide-me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate-ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wret-ched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' fa-vours!
There is betwixt the smile he would aspire-to,
The sweet aspect of princes, and his ru-in,
More pangs and fears than war or woman know; (4)
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, (5)
Never to hope again.

I have also been reminded that such lines occur in almost every page in Beaumont and Fletcher.

In several of the lines just cited, as well as in the two before taken from Pope, the monosyllables (pronouns, and other particles), being to be pronounced without emphasis, have the effect to the ear of those called enclitic in Greek and Latin grammar; as, "bear-me," "puts-forth," "upon-him," "left-me," "hide-me," "hate-ye," "aspire-to," (Shakespeare); "saint-it," "paint-it," (Pope); like "Τοιοσδε," "Οἵδε," "Αχαιωΐλε," "Τρωωΐλε," in Greek; "tecum," "vobiscum," "tuusque," in Latin; "parlerotti," "meco," in Italian; "precarella," "haberos," in Spanish; "vendome," "passouse," in Portuguese. If we consider the words "*day*, *he*"

in the third line of Wolsey's soliloquy, as one diphthongal syllable, that line is only decasyllabic; and, indeed, the words "put forth," at the end of the line, are, I believe, most naturally read as an iambus (or spondee perhaps), and with less stress on "put" than on "forth," which last word, in that view, ought not to be considered as a supernumerary syllable.

The versi sdruccioli of the Italians are never, or scarcely ever, used in their graver poetry, or mixed with their hendecasyllables, but for the purposes of ridicule or burlesque. Here is an example of three sdruccioli taken from the Arcadia of *Sannazaro.*

"Solca nell' onde, e nell' arene sémìnà,
E tenta i vaghi venti in rete accóglièrè,
Chi fonda sue speranze in cor di fémmìnà."

Ariosto had the fancy of writing most of his comedies in versi sdruccioli (they are also sciolti, or without rhyme); but their monotonous effect has prevented subsequent Italian dramatic writers from adopting that practice.

Goldoni, not finding such sdrucciolo measure successful or popular, tried some of his comedies in lines of fourteen syllables, or versi Martelliani,—so called from one Martelli having written in that measure.—Here is a specimen from Goldoni's Filosofo Inglese.

Ecco i stampati fogli,—che il padron mio vi manda
I soliti foglietti,—di Parigi, e d'Olanda,

Il Mercurio galante,—che fa tanto rumore
Ed il corrente foglio—del nostro Spettatore.

It will be observed that these versi Martelliani, though consisting of an equal number of syllables with those of some of our old poets, are of a different construction; for the English are divisible into two verses, the first of eight, the second of six syllables; those of Goldoni into two equal divisions of seven syllables each, the seventh and fourteenth syllables being always unaccented.

Here are four (strange sounding) lines from *Phaer's* Virgil:

Then first the cruel fear me caught,—and sore my spirits* appall'd,
And on my father dear I thought,—his face to mind I call'd,
When slain with grisly wound our king,—him like of age in sight,
Lay gasping dead; and of my wife—Creuse bethought the plight.

I believe many English readers, and most of those Italians who understand our language, are ignorant of the complete similarity of the measure of our heroic verse to that of the Italian, when we employ the eleventh, or supernumerary syllable. It may therefore be of some use to show that similarity, by comparing together the first stanza of *Tasso*, and a literal translation of it in the same measure, though not in ottava rima.

* Used as one syllable, like sprites.

" Canto | l'arme | pieto | se e il ca | pitá-nò
Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cris-to,
Molto egli oprò col senno e con la ma-no,
Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquis-to.
E in van l' Inferno a lui si oppose, e in va-no
S'armò d'Asia, e di Libia il popol mis-to;
Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i san-ti,
Segni, ridusse i suoi compagni erran-ti."

Englished verbatim.

I sing | the pi | ous ar | mies and | the cap-tain
Who the great sepulchre of Christ deli-ver'd;
Much he achiev'd by wisdom and by prow-ess,
Much suffer'd in the glorious acquisi-tion;
And Hell in vain oppos'd him, and in vain-too
Was arm'd of Asia and Lybia, the mixt peo-ple;
For Heaven gave favour to him, and to his ho-ly
Ensigns submitted his companions er-rant.

I need not say that this translation has no other pretence or purpose, but to establish what I have just stated.

Opposed to the verso sdrucciolo is the verso tronco, which exactly answers to our usual verse, since it ends with an iambus, or has the last syllable accented, which in *general is* the case with ours.

I say, in general, because our best poets sometimes conclude a line of only the regular number of ten, or, as the case may be, of eight syllables, with a polysyllable, the two last

syllables of which have not the accent (or the acute accent); and there too, when sparingly used, they produce a graceful variety, especially in blank verse.

" That to the height of this great argùmènt
I may assert eternal próvìdènce,
And justify the ways of God to men."

Milton, Par. Lost.

" Which his fair tongue (conceit's expósìtòr)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tale,
And younger hearings are quite rávìshèd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Shakespeare, Love's Labour Lost.

" Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pílgrìmàge:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blèssèdnèss."

Shakespeare, Mids. N.'s Dream.

" And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious élòquènce."

Shakespeare, ibid.

——————" Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightèd thèe,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgétfùlnèss!"

Shakespeare, Hen. IV.

" In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epítòmè."

Dryden, Abs. and Achit.

" Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and cómpètènce."

Pope.

The following is an example in our eight syllable iambics:

" Who neither heed, nor hear, nor see,
But at the nod of Vánìty."

Advice to Julia.

Here also the three last syllables have the effect, to our ears, of a dactyl, like that of the two final dactyls in

" Mæcenas, atavis *ĕdĭtĕ Rĕgĭbŭs.*"

In general the versi tronchi, like the sdruccioli, are only used by the Italians, mixed with their regular hendecasyllables, for the same burlesque purpose for which, as in the lines above quoted from Butler, Swift, and Lord Byron, triple rhymes are employed in our language. Take as an example the 79th stanza of the first canto of our Ricciardetto:

" E legge a carte settecento e tre
Tutto questo negozio come sta;
E che legare la Fata si de',
E darle fuoco senza aver pietà:
E le ceneri poi portar con se,
E in lunga lista spargerle colà

Dove la cagna e il cervo in sù e in giù
Vanno correndo, acciò vi passin su."

Pulci, Ariosto, and others, make now and then whole stanzas (like that just taken from Forteguerri), and at other times their concluding couplets or distichs, of versi tronchi, and sometimes also of versi sdruccioli. There is not, I believe, a single instance of the one or the other licence in that most perfect work the Gerusalemme Liberata; but which, in respect of its too strict versification, is often considered by the Italians, just as Pope's verses are by many of us, as wanting in variety.

I learned from the very scholarlike and respectable editor of the late beautiful and patriotic edition of the Portuguese Lusiad, printed by Didot, at Paris, that versi sdruccioli are frequently used in that language in the most serious and solemn poetry: and to exemplify this, he mentioned to me the following admired stanza, being the 39th of the 5th canto of that poem, in which the second, fourth, and sixth verses are sdruccioli.

"Naò acabava, quando huma figura,
Se nos mostro no ar, robusta e vali-da,
De disforme e grandissima estatura,
O rosto carregado, a barba esquali-da:
Os olhos encovados e a postura
Medonha e mà, e a cor terrena e palli-da,
Cheios de terra, e crespos os cabellos,
A boca negra, os dentes amarellos."

The same, I believe, is true with regard to Spanish poetry.

The German tragedies of Schiller, of Lessing, of Schlegel, the successful translator of Shakespeare, &c. are in exactly the same measure with our decasyllables.

Before the great revolution produced in their versification by Klopstock, the most general heroic verse in German was on a like model with the French Alexandrines, having the constant pause in the middle, that is, at the end of the sixth syllable, or of the first hemistich, and the alternation of masculine with something corresponding to the French feminine rhymes.

I believe in all French verse there must be either an alternation of distichs which are denominated feminine and masculine, or of masculine and feminine lines intermixed in an irregular manner, but preserving always corresponding rhymes of each sort. Every feminine has a syllable more than the corresponding masculine verse, formed by what is called a feminine, and sometimes, though improperly, a mute "e" or "es"*. Their heroic, or most solemn sort of verses, correspond, when masculine, in the number of syllables, with our Alexandrines, with this difference however, that they necessarily consist of two half lines or hemistichs, the first always of six syllables, the last of which six must be formed of the last syllable of some entire word, so that the first of the next hemistich, of course, is the beginning of another word. The feminine verse must be formed

* It requires much practice to read French verse so as to give the effect of a syllable to the feminine "e," without articulating it distinctly, in the manner of the natives of the south of France.

in the same way, except that the second hemistich must consist of seven syllables; the first hemistich, as in the masculine, being of six. Those long verses, whether masculine or feminine, are called, by the French, Alexandrines.

For lighter poetry the French more generally use verses of ten and eleven syllables, that is, the masculine of ten, and the feminine of eleven; and they in like manner are always divided into hemistichs; their first hemistich being of four and the other of six, when masculine, and of seven when feminine. This strict mechanism is never dispensed with; so that each line, whether Alexandrine or of the shorter sort, might be written as two lines, making a distich appear as a quatrain, with only the second and fourth lines rhyming together. Let us take the following passage of the Lutrin as a specimen of their Alexandrine, and the subsequent passage from Dumourier's * imitation in French verse of Ricciardetto, as one of their ten and eleven syllable verse; and which last instance will also serve as a good sample of the manner of that very entertaining imitator of the Italian of Forteguerri.

From the Lutrin.

" Ses Chanoines vermeils,—et brillans de santé,
S'engraissoient d' une longue et sainte oisiveté.

* He was the father of General Dumourier, and is said to have written his abridged imitation of Ricciardetto after he was eighty years of age: the son mentions it in his Memoirs. It has been often reprinted in France, but, I believe, is hitherto little known in England.

Sans sortir de leurs lits plus doux que leurs hermines
Ces pieux fainéans faisoient chanter Matines;
Veilloient à bien dîner, et laissoient en leur lieu
A des Chantres gagés le soin de loüer Dieu."

From the French Richardet.

" Comme tu dis,—c'est une bagatelle,
Répond Renaud. Le projet est badin.
Tu me crois donc de France un Paladin?
A dire vrai, l'histoire m'épouvante;
Le plus souvent mon ombre me fait peur;
Je crains sur-tout cette race géante,
Et cette nuit je mourrai de frayeur.
Mon bon ami, pour rassurer mon ame
Il me faudra coucher avec ta femme.
Plutôt cent fois, dit l'Hote avec fureur,
A belles dents j'arracherois ton cœur;
Et, le croyant poltron comme il s'annonce,
D'un coup brutal assortit sa réponse.
Le Paladin, qui de rage pâlit,
D'un bras nerveux par un pied le saisit,
Et vous lui fait en l'air faire une ronde,
Comme un Berger qui balance sa fronde.
Toute sa vie il en resta poussif,
L'Hôtesse en pleurs, crie, et demande grace,
Le bon Renaud s'en tient à la menace,
Et devant elle il jette le chétif,
Ne sachant plus s'il étoit mort ou vif."

The first masculine and feminine lines of the passage from Boileau might be written thus:

Masculine verse
Ses Cha | noines | vermeils,
Et brillans de santé.

Feminine verse
Sans sortir de leurs lits,
Plus doux que leurs hermines, &c.

And the two first from the French Richardet as follows:

Feminine verse
Comme | tu dis,
C'est un | è ba | gatelle.

Masculine verse
Renaud répond,
Le projet est badin,
Tu me crois donc,
De France un Paladin.

Feminine verse
A dire vrai,
L'histoire m'épouvante, &c.

Drayton's Poly-Olbion is written entirely in Alexandrines, differing in nothing from the French, except that in his there are no feminine rhymes or alternate couplets necessarily of thirteen syllables; the following is a specimen:

" Thus scarcely said the Muse,—but hovering while she hung
Upon the Celtic wastes, the sea-nymph loudly sung,
O! ever happy isles! your heads so high that rear,
By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to fear

On Neptune's wat'ry realms when Eolus raiseth wars,
And every billow bounds, as though to quench the stars."
1 Song.

These agree entirely with the Alexandrines at the end of Spenser's stanzas, and such as are frequently mixed with the ordinary ten syllable verses of Dryden, &c., and sometimes, but much more rarely, with Pope's.

The two ensuing quotations from Opitz and Haller, prove the exact similarity of the German Alexandrines to the French.

" Was eine Schlacht erheischt,—wo Sturm und Anlauff gut,
Wo Hinterhalt must stehn,—wo Wacht vonnöthen thut,
Und was der Sachen mehr,—bist selber angegangen,
Behertzt und ungebückt—hast nie entfärbt die Wangen,
Die Augen nie verkehrt;—zwar, durch Verstand und Rath,
Ein Feldherr, aber auch—durch Fechten ein Soldat."
Opitz.

" Ein Kind ist noch ein Kraut—das an der Stange klebt,
Nicht von sich selbst besteht,—und nur durch andre lebt.
Darauf, wann nach und nach—sein Denken wird sein eigen,
Und Witz und Bosheit sich—durch stärkers Werkzeug zeigen,
Wächst Geitz und Ehrsucht schon,—noch weil ein kinderspiel,
Ein Ball und schneller Reif,—ist seiner Wunsche Ziel."
Haller.

And here are two specimens of German decasyllabics and hendecasyllabics. The first is an extract from Schlegel's trans-

lation of the passage quoted above from Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

"O drey mal selig die, des Bluts Beherrs-cher,
So jungfräuliche Pilgerschaft bestehn!
Doch die gepflückte Ros'ist irrdischer beglückt
Als die, am unberührten Dorne welkend,
Wächst, lebt, un stirbt in heil'ger Einsamkeit."

Except that the third line is an Alexandrine in the old form,

"Doch die gepflückte Ros'—ist irrdischer beglückt,"

which mixture I think not uncommon in German tragedies. —An English ear cannot but be very much struck with the *consonance* between those verses and their original.

The next is from Schiller's Maria Stuart, of which the French translation (but greatly altered from the original) had so great a run at Paris last Spring (1820).

"Ich stehe an dem Rand der Ewigkeit,
Bald soll ich treten vor den höchsten Rích-tèr,
Und noch hab, ich den Heil'gen nicht versöhnt."

Lastly, here are four hexameters (the prevailing measure now in German) from the Messias of Klopstock:

"Schönster der Tage, du sollst vor allen künftigen Tagen
Festlich und heilig uns seyn, dich soll vor deinen Gefährten,
Kehrst du wider zurück, die Seele des Menschen, der Seraph,
Und der Cherub, beym Aufgang und Untergange, begrüssen!"

(This last note, of such disproportionate length, is an extract from an Essay I have in part composed on the different modes of versification in several of the modern languages.)

Note 55, stanza xcv.

Next week *our Forteguerri's Muse renew'd.*

History says "the next day;" but how often, and truly, has it been remarked, that things which have actually happened in real life, would be thought too improbable to be hazarded in works supposed to be fictitious; I have therefore taken upon me here to weaken the real fact, in order to make it appear more credible.

Additional Note to* p. xxi. *after the paragraph ending with the words* "that exists in any language."

Yet were it not better far to abstain from the too common practice of weighing the transcendent talents of those matchless poets in opposite and as it were contending scales? Reader! if you have already had the delight of perusing the last productions of Lord *Byron's* Muse, how must you have admired those exquisitely poetical and affecting portraitures of *Ariosto* and *Tasso* which conclude the 3d Canto of the "Prophecy of *Dante.*" We there see them contrasted without invidious comparison, or depreciation of the one to exalt the other; and characterized in numbers, style, and sentiment, so wonderfully *Dantesque*, that—mastering our uncongenial language, and habitual modes of thought as well as expression—they seem to have been inspired by the very genius of the "*inarrivabile*" *Dante* himself.

* Written May, 1821.

ERRATA, CORRIGENDA, ET ADDENDA.

INTRODUCTION.

Page xiii. 9th line from the bottom.

After the words "*held most sacred*," add the following Note.

Those who have read the collection of Sonnets, &c. by Luigi Pulci and Matteo Franco, can have little doubt of the spirit in which the very objectionable passages in the Morgante referred to by Sismondi were written. They were republished (after two rare editions in the 15th Century, and one in 1520,) in 1759, by a certain Marchese Filippo de Rossi, but without the name of any printer or place—several of those sonnets being addressed to Lorenzo de Medici himself. The Editor of that last edition says of Pulci, "Era "di carattere assai bizzarro.—Fu esso il primo che, a

" persuasione del Magnifico, introdusse col suo Morgante, i " Romanzi nella nostra Poesia, cantando, ad imitazione degli " antichi Rapsodi, ai conviti del suo Mecenate," and of the two authors, " La maggior gloria per altro di quei due Poeti, " oltre la piacevolezza Satirica, si è la purità della nostra " lingua, ond'essi sono annoverati tra i padri della Toscana " favella."

Page xviii. 9th line.

After the word "*though*," for "*Berni*," read "*the latter*."

Ibid. 6th line from the bottom.

For "*soared*," read "*soars*."

Page xxv. 11th line.

After the word "*effect*," insert "*not only in conversation, but*," &c.

Page xxix. in Note*.

For "17 ," read "1787—93."

Page xxxiv.

Instead of the paragraph beginning "As to the machinery of the Rape of the Lock, &c." down to "*Gabalis*," read, "As to the machinery of the Rape of the Lock, most of us in this country have been prepared, by our infantine familiarity with the fairies of the nursery, to give a sort of anticipated credence, not only to Shakespeare's inimitable little sprites, but to those of the Rosicrucian dream, which Pope's youthful fancy and cultivated taste led him to borrow from *Gabalis*."

Page xxxv. 2nd line.

After "*Gabalis*," add, "The machinery of the Rape of the Lock has in a very recent publication been described as among 'the most exquisite embellishments of fancy;' and the same writer calls that poem 'a composition to which it will be in 'vain to compare any thing of the kind—Pope there stands 'unrivalled, and possibly never will be rivalled.'"

Ibid. 9th line.

For "new," read "*new*," (*i. e.* in Italics.)

Ibid. 10th line.

After "*discoveries*" insert a comma.

Page xxxvi. 13th line.

"Which poem Voltaire says," &c. add, "Voltaire farther called Hudibras 'le livre le plus *intraduisible*,' yet Mr. J. Towneley, an English gentleman who had been long in the French service, having successfully rendered parts of it into French verse of eight syllables without hemistich, was encouraged at last to execute the whole; and accordingly his entire translation was printed and published, with the original, in London, in 1757, by the Abbé J. T. Needham. This French translation had become a great curiosity, and extremely scarce, when the bookseller Jombert of Paris undertook a republication of it about three years ago, to which I was a subscriber, and which I afterwards saw placarded in large characters in all the streets of that city when I was

there in 1820-1. Mr. Towneley said modestly, in his short preface, that he had not dared to offer to the public what Voltaire had declared to be impracticable, with any other view than to assist those foreigners who were desirous of forming some idea of the peculiar characteristics of this singular performance.—It has been observed that the French version, except in a very few instances, is as concise as the original English.—I am also possessed of a translation of Hudibras into German, printed at Riga, in 1787; and it may afford amusement to English readers acquainted with those two foreign languages, to compare part of the portrait drawn by Butler of his hero as rendered in the one and the other.

French.

Son aspect était, trait pour trait,
D'un preux chevalier le portrait,
Dont le fier genou, de sa vie,
Ne plia qu'à chevalerie;
Qui jamais qu'*un* coup n'endura
Qui son épaule décora;
A bon droit la fleur de la clique
Soit errante, soit domestique;
Grand sur les bancs, grand à cheval;
Sur tous deux d'un mérite égal
Brillaient son cœur et sa cervelle
A juger, ou vider querelle;
Et fut renommé pour ses faits
Pendant la guerre comme en paix;

(Ainsi certain rat amphibie
Dans l'air ou l'eau trouve sa vie,)
Mais ici doute maint auteur
S'il eut plus d'esprit, ou de cœur;
C'est disputer et faire glose,
En vérité, sur peu de chose;
L'ésprit ne passait, c'est certain,
La valeur que d'un demi-grain;
Ce qui fit passer pour manie
L'éclat dont brillait son génie,
Et qu'on le prit (tranchons le mot)
Pour l'outil des fripons, un sot;" &c.

German.

"Sein Ansehn war voll Drang und Kraft,
Ein wahrer Spiegel der Ritterschaft;
Der nie gebeugt sein steifes Knie
Vor etwas anders, als Chevalerie,
Und keinen ander Schlag vertrug,
Als den der ihn zum Ritter schlug;
Ein König aller irrenden Ritter
Und Friedensrichter; ein wahrer Zwitter
Vom Helden in Turnier und Streit,
Und Weisen in Urtheil und Bescheid;
Gleich gross auf seiner Richterbank,
Und wenn er auf sein Ross sich schwang;
Krieg oder Fricde galt ihm gleich,

So wie die Wassermaus zugleich
In Scheunen wohnt und auch im Teich.

Viel uns'rer Autor'n zweifeln zwar
Ob er mehr klug, oder tapfer war.
Der eine hält dies, der andre das;
Doch all' ihr Zank ist wol nur Spass,
Denn höchstens überwog sein Hirn
Die Wuth ein halbes Gerstenkorn.
Viel hielten ihn für ein Werkzeug gar
Das Schelme brauchen, und heisst ein Narr," &c.

Page xliv. 2nd line.

For, "it expresses that light and graceful jocundity which, when united with true good breeding, forms *together* the sort of chastised liveliness *which* still knows to confine itself

Within the *limits* of becoming mirth;"

read, "it expresses that light and graceful jucundity which, when united with true good breeding, forms the sort of chastised liveliness *that* still knows to confine itself

Within the *limit* of becoming mirth."

The speech in Shakespear's "Love's Labour's Lost" from which this line is taken, contains so perfect a description of an agreeable man, that I must indulge myself here with transcribing the whole of it.

" Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Shakespeare, Love's L.'s L. A. 2. S. 1.

It is observable that " hour," in the fifth line of this passage, is used by Shakespeare as a dissyllable, as the monosyllable " fire," is also in the following, and in other instances.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

King Rich. II. A. 1. S. 3.

The stanza on the reverse of the title-page after the Introduction, is the first of a set of Ottave Rime, inserted at the end of the 3d volume of the Milan edition, 1813, and addressed, by Nicotele Emonio, (a fictitious name, as pastor of Arcadia,) to the Princess of Forano, who had sent their author a copy of Ricciardetto.

ARGUMENT.

Page 5. 1st line.

" The portrait of the Muse, capricious *wench*."

Johnson gives " young woman," as the primitive sense of the word " wench," and quotes for it the following passage in Othello, so familiar to all the readers of Shakespeare :

" Now—how dost look now ? O ill-starr'd *wench !*"

And Steevens, for that sense of the word, quotes 2 Samuel, ch. xvii. v. 17, and a line from Gawin Douglas's version of the Eneid,

——— " Audetque viris concurrere virgo."

" This *wensche* stoutley rencounter durst with men."

STANZAS.

Page 8, stanza vi.

" And scratch their addle pates, and bite their nails,
When sense or rhyme or proper accent fails."

" Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails."

Swift's Rhapsody on Poetry.

Page 9, stanza viii.

For

" She weeps *for* Ariadne on her rock ;"

read

" She weeps *with* Ariadne on her rock."

Page 11, stanza xii.

" (But nameless now.)"

The original is,

——— " Ch'or non voglio dire."

Thus,

" I quali ora nomar non fa mestiere."

Ariosto.

Page 31, stanza liii.

" And Agamemnon, too, of chiefs the chief.

" And young Telemachus," &c.

read,

" And Agamemnon, too, of chiefs the chief,

" And young Telemachus," &c.

i. e. A comma (,) instead of a full stop (.), after the word " Agamemnon."

Page 36, stanza lxii.

" The monstrous *worm*," &c.

" O, Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear

" To that false *worm*."

Milton's P. L. B. 9. v. 1067—8.

Page 39, stanza lxviii.

For

" To Miss Brunette, who *won'd* in village near;"

read

" To Miss Brunette, who *wonn'd* in village near."

" A people neere the northern pole that *wonne*,
" Whom Ireland sent from loughes and forests hore,
" Divided far by sea from Europe's shore."

Fairfax's Tasso, C. 1. S. 44.

Page 45, stanza lxxxi.

" (In Babylonish *slang*.)"

The word " slang" is not in Johnson. It means properly the enigmatical language, or jargon, of thieves and jail-birds, serving them for a sort of spoken *cypher*; and it corresponds to the word " argot," in French, defined by the Academy, in like manner, " Certain langage des gueux et des filoux, qui n'est intelligible qu'entre eux." " Slang" seems to me to have come of late years into more *general* use, as synonymous to " jargon," or " gibberish," which last word Johnson explains to mean, " the private language of rogues and gipsies." " Jargon," being equally a French and English word, the Academy explain it first, as " langage corrompu," but then also, as the particular language of *certain* sorts of people, adding, " les Bohemiens, les gueux, les coupeurs de bourse, ont chacun leur *jargon* particulier que personne n'entend. Le jargon des coquettes. Le jargon des petits-maîtres. Il n'a point d'esprit, il n'a que du jargon." In Italian the word " gergo" has the same meanings, being " Lo stesso, che *parlar furbesco*," and, " usato e inteso da' *furbi e barattieri*." So io bene, che se alcun forestiero per mia sciagura s'obbattesse a questo trattato, egli si farebbe beffe di me, e direbbe,

che io t'insegnassi di favellare in *gergo*, ovvero in *cifera*." (Galatea di Geo. Della Casa.)—

" Egli era picoletto di persona,
Ma di malizia ben fornito e pieno,
Sempre in calmone, e per *gergo* ragiona—
* * * * * * *
Nel dire e nel rubare è senza freno."

Berni Orl. In. Lib. 2. C. 3. S. 43.

Page 47, stanza lxxxv.

For

" And on the flags his caitiff carcass stretch.
" *He writhes* convulsed;"

read

" And on the flags his caitiff carcass stretch,
" *Writhing* convulsed."

NOTES.

Page 64, 7th line from bottom.

After " The French in their distichs," &c. insert,

The following instances will illustrate what is here meant.

" Telle est de ce Poëme et la force et la grace.—
—— D'un ton un peu plus haut, mais pourtant sans audace,
La plaintive Elegie, en longs habits de deuil,
Sçait, les cheveux épars, gémir sur un cercueil."

Boileau. L'Art Poet. Ch. 2. v. 36.

" Il faut que le cœur seul parle dans l'Elegie.—
—— L'Ode avec plus d'éclat, & non moins d'énergie,

Elevant jusqu'au Ciel son vol ambitieux,
Entretient dans ses vers commerce avec les Dieux."

Boileau, ib. v. 56.

Page 70, addition to Note 35.

Few readers I think will approve of the word "*livrée*," in the French (p. 68, line 4 from the bottom.) Though copied in the translation, it is perhaps less emphatically marked there, not forming part of the rhyme.—There *seems* also (*pace tanti poetæ!*) to be an inaccuracy in the measure of the first line of this celebrated *tirade* of Voltaire, the word "*liens*" being there made of two syllables, (for otherwise the necessary number of ten would be wanting,) and, besides that such words ought *always*, I believe, to be monosyllables in French verse, "*liens*" *there* rhymes as a *dissyllable* with "*biens*" used actually, as well as according to correct prosody, as a *monosyllable*.—On observing this, I consulted various editions, and particularly that of Beaumarchais, but I found that the irregularity (if such) is not a typographical error. Yet *quære*.

THE END.

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